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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 6, 1938
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Vol. CLIV No. 2011 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 6 1938

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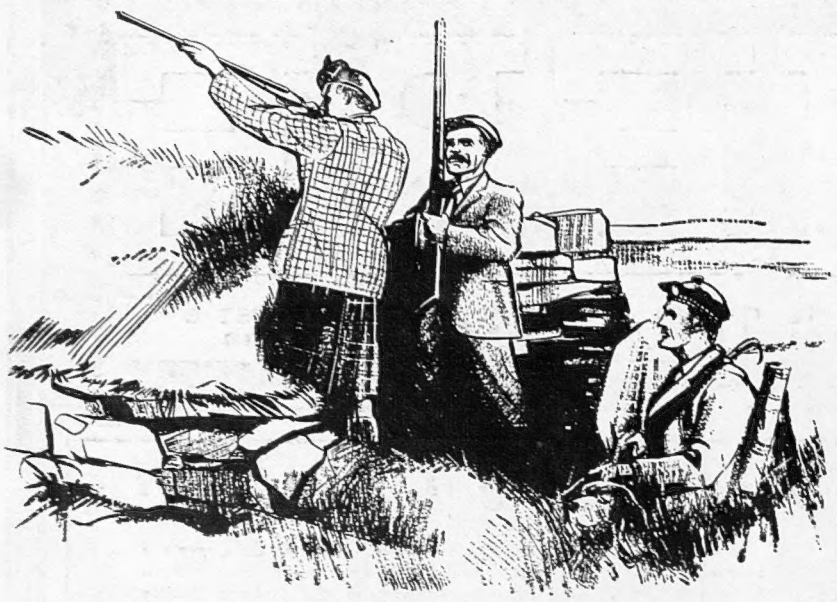

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*7.40R	"The Aberdonian"—Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
†10.25	"The Night Scotsman"—Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
P.M.	
†10.35	Edinburgh, (North Berwick first class only & on Friday nights only).
A.M.	
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FROM EUSTON (LMS)

P.M.	WEEKDAYS
7.20AB	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness, Aberdeen.
7.25AB	Oban.
7.40AB	Stirling, Gleneagles.
8.0 A	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry, Ayr.
9.15	Glasgow (Cent.) (Fridays only).
9.25	Glasgow (Fridays excepted). (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only).
10.50	Edinburgh.
10.50F	Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
10.55D	Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.
A.M.	
12.20DE	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow (St. Enoch).

P.M.	SUNDAYS
7.20B	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30B	Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Ayr, Turnberry.
9.30	Glasgow (Cent.).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Oban.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

NOTES: **A** *Saturdays excepted.* **B** *Restaurant Car.* **D** *Saturday nights and Sunday mornings excepted.* **E** *Sleeping Cars to Kilmarnock.* **F** *Saturday nights only.*

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P.M.	WEEKDAYS
9.15	Edinburgh (Waverley), Dundee, Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen.
9.30	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry (No arrival Sun.) Glasgow (St. Enoch).

P.M.	SUNDAYS
9.15	Edinburgh (Waverley), Dundee, Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen.
9.30	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow (St. Enoch).

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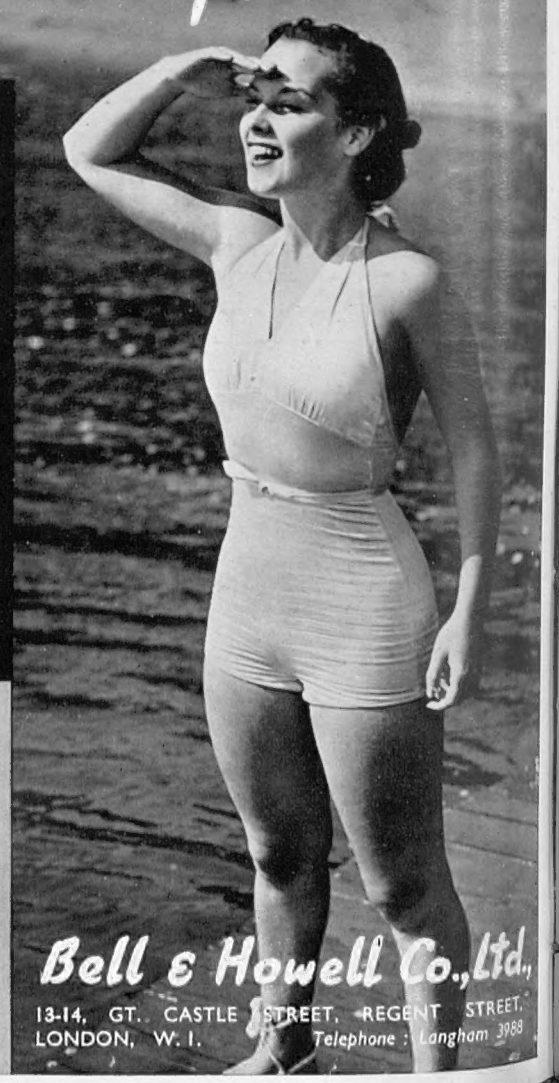

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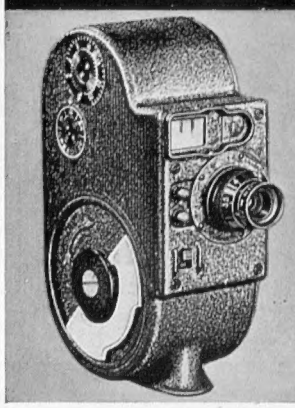

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 6, 1938

Russell, Southsea

THE ROYAL FAMILY CRUISE TO SCOTLAND

The King and Queen and the Princesses Aboard the "Victoria and Albert" When leaving Cowes en route for Aberdeen

After a spring and summer season of intense activity, proving hardly less arduous than Coronation year in its demands upon their energies and culminating in the triumphal but undoubtedly strength-taxing State visit to France, the King and Queen, accompanied by Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, set out from Cowes last Sunday in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, bound on a leisurely cruise to Scotland by way of the East Coast. This trip has afforded them a welcome privacy while enjoying the benefits of sea air, but the King did not allow it to interfere with his eagerly awaited annual visit to the camp at Southwold, Suffolk, as he disembarked there last Tuesday morning, and spent the rest of the day with the boys, half of whom are drawn from public schools and the other half from industrial organisations. It was arranged that Their Majesties' cruise should come to an end at Aberdeen, and the rest of the holiday will be spent at Balmoral, the castle which has been such a favourite Royal residence in the eighty years since its erection by the Prince Consort. The King's presence there so early in the grouse season may be taken as an indication of his lively interest in shooting—an interest he doubtless inherits from his father. For further pictures of the Royal holiday *see page* 229

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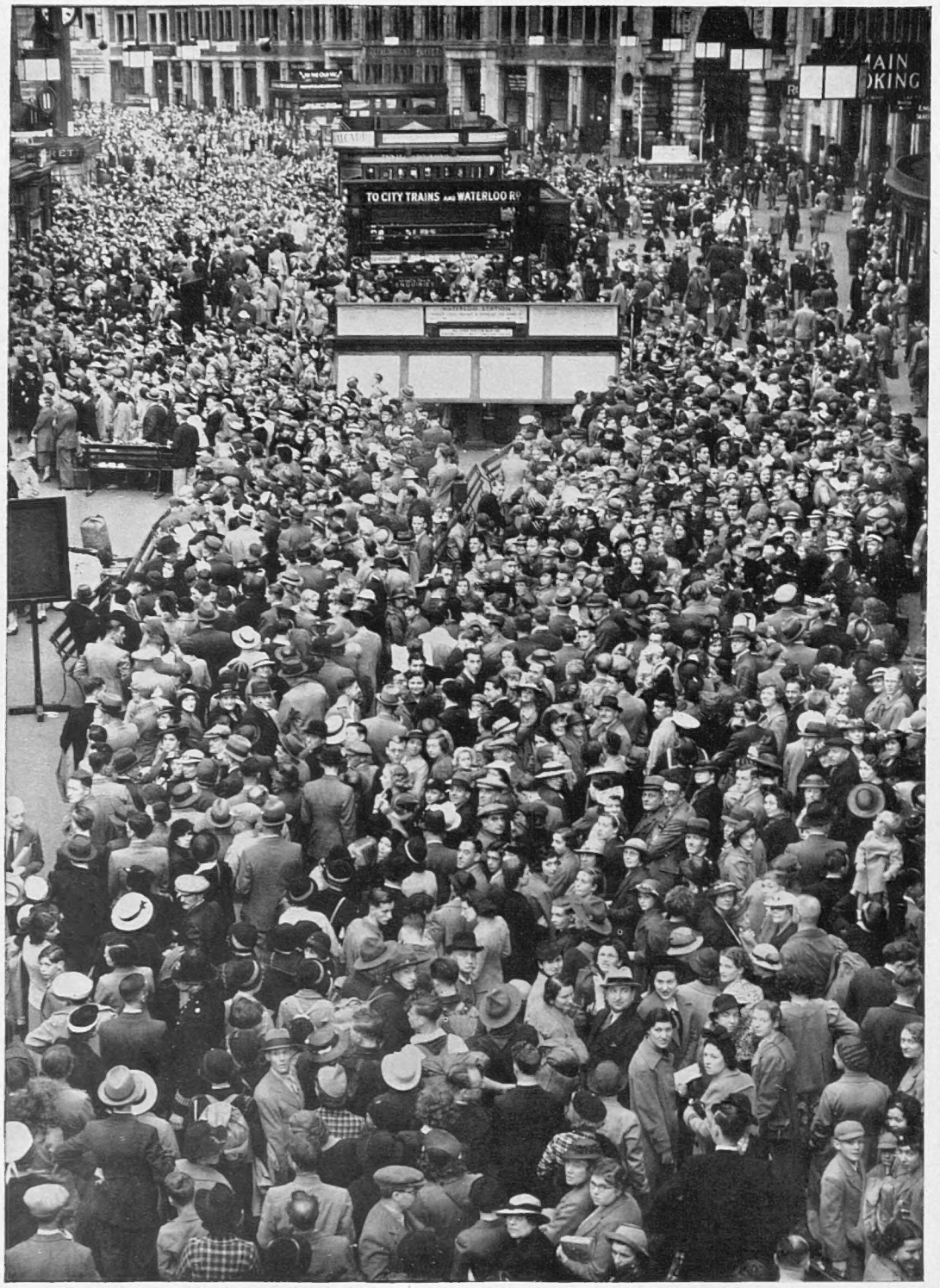


START OF THE LAST OPEN-AIR HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR: A glimpse of the great crowds at Waterloo Station last Saturday morning when Londoners, taking advantage of the weather, which was at its brilliant best in the south, journeyed in their thousands to the countryside and the big coastal resorts. Many services were multiplicated, and on the Southern Railway, it was recorded, no fewer than 240 extra trains ran on July 30

TRUNK CALL! This little girl, one of the 31,309 Bank Holiday visitors to London Zoo, hurriedly left her seat as an elephant came a trifle close to her in its search for tit-bits. For some reason or another the Zoo attendance was considerably less than on the corresponding day last year

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 3, 1938.

HOLIDAY TIME.—Buckingham Palace and the Parliament Houses are in dust sheets, as are Belgravia and what remains of Mayfair. The House has risen till November, the Court will be in Scotland until October. The country has come into its own and a really respectable fall of rain—the first since January in many southern areas—has given it a new lease of green life and freshness. The school boys and girls are once more on our hands and urgently demand constant entertainment to make up for the superior amenities and attractions of their expensive schools. So, many holiday makers exchange one set of labours for another. Cowes has followed on Goodwood, which this year was a specially brilliant meeting, for the weather was kind and bracing and the fashionables who came on to Cowdray Park after the racing for the excellent polo were by no means exhausted. Cowdray polo week has become almost as important a function as Goodwood. This year an added draw was the daily presence of the Duchess of Gloucester, who watched the matches on the River ground, whereon the Duke of Gloucester played No. 1 for Norton Bavant, among such great players as Mr. Gerald Balding, Mr. J. Lakin, Captain Guinness and that doyen of polo players, Major Harrison. Several other members of the Royal Family, including Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, put in appearances and members of all the big West Sussex house parties. It is the jolliest and most delightful of annuals possible. Meanwhile, the world of big affairs goes on its way, crises wax and wane, the wars drag on, bombs and shells kill their scores of victims, and everybody in authority knows that he is holidaying on the sufferance of fate, with one ear to the telephone. Yet I have a feeling that *Solvitur ambulando*—a blessed maxim which often works out right when Parliament is not sitting—may carry us over October and maybe well into the autumn. At any rate we should have a holiday from the Sandys case. There are other sands to be investigated and to yield more interesting harvests by far; and the grouse of privilege is a pleasant exchange, indeed, for the grouses of the Opposition.

"HOMAGE TO MURDERERS."—That was a terrible headline for a "leader" in a great and fair-minded British newspaper which embraces the policy of appeasement. It was terrible because it fell on a day when we had suddenly decided in our own minds that we were a little nearer a new understanding with Germany, perhaps after an approach to that end by the Leader himself through his confidential agent. It was an approach which the British nation as genuinely welcomed, and it put a new guard on every incautious tongue and inspired a resolve in all who write or speak to the public to exercise new restraint in any criticism of Nazi methods. But, restrained and fair-minded as that British newspaper is, it is not afraid of the confiscation of its day's issue in Berlin and is not to be silenced when it sees some happening which cries to heaven to be execrated. Nothing (as it says) could better illustrate the wide gulf which separates the Nazi outlook from that of public opinion in this and other countries than the decision of the German Government to do special honour to the murderers of Dr. Dollfuss. That is truly said. It is tragic. We never take a step forward towards the goal of understanding with Nazi Germany but we receive full in the eye a handful of muck, which drives us two full paces backwards. We believe (and think we are right to believe and to go on believing) that when an advance to appeasement is made by Germany, it is Hitler speaking and that Hitler is the German Government; but that, when the retrogressional mud is punctually flung in our face, it is the tail wagging the German mastiff and reveals a Hitler dreaming at Berchtesgarten, and his jacks-in-office ruffling it on their dung-heaps and queering his uneasy pitch or perch.

NATIONS AND NATIONAL MOVEMENTS.—If I mix my metaphors the idea emerges; and if appeasement is ever to come in our time, it is this idea to which we should cling. All Germans are not of one type of mind that, at least, is clear. And all the leading men in the now enlarged German Reich are not of the same kidney. Even in our own Government there are Ministers who can act and speak as others could not conceivably act or speak. It is so in Germany. There are Austrian Nazis who appear in Austrian eyes less Austrian than the remotest Barbarians, and in Germany proper there are Germans whose outlook and character, seen in their speech and actions, are alien even to modern Germany. If ever we are to achieve a better understanding with Germany, we must always hold on to that slippery belief, often expect a douche of cold water or mud from the left hand while we grasp the right in friendship. In almost every gathering of men, however small, however intimate, however much in microcosm, there will always be men who "do not speak the same language" as the rest on the evidence of their utterances and actions. It is bound to be a slow and disappointing progress this approach to understanding with Germany. But peoples abide, movements rise and fall. We have at no time in history failed to speak and understand the language of a majority of the German nation.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA SNAG.—*Germany Speaks* has convinced me at last that no one in Germany adjudged sane on any standards, wants war; that all know that the most "local" outbreak of hostilities in Europe means European war; and that European war, win or lose, spells the doom of all countries engaged and of our civilisation. That Germany and other countries have in the past gone, and may again go, as near the crater's rim as may be to achieve

national aims is another matter. You may gamble with death without being a suicide by desire—or in fact. If there is much in that remarkable book of appeasement-propaganda which still irritates (e.g., the easy and brief explanation of the Jewish purge), there is yet much which convinces and disarms. I believe to-day Germany is as much concerned with the danger of population decline as with the early consummation of Hitler's defined, and still outstanding, national aims. That is to say, she is looking far ahead, and I think no statesman who contemplates war would waste time looking beyond five years. Czechoslovakia is the snag of the moment. Minority injustices in the past were real and the memory of them bit deep. So deep that triumphant Germany cannot now easily tolerate (what in other circumstances she would accept as universal diplomacy) any bargaining by the Hodza Government, as the political situation turns from time to time favourable to Czechoslovakian resistance. It is clear that we in England are staking our greatest hopes on a peaceful settlement and doing everything we can to remove the deadlocks. The Paris visit has

strengthened our hand, and, as I have often suggested, sympathetic rapprochement with Germany is the logical "next act" to that visit. And I fancy Mr. Chamberlain is "on in that Act." Lord Runciman has the qualities for the job now allotted him. His oil-can contains fine ingredients. He has charm, dignity, calmness, and a sense of humour. I had to do with him officially in 1919, when he was, I think, Minister of Labour. His personality was curiously winning—in fact his social qualities tend rather to understress his abilities. I have seen him once or twice compose some very discordant elements and effect some sound compromises in the face of very contrary winds. There is nothing pompous about him; certainly there was not twenty years ago. He goes out as a private observer and, if invited to be so, arbitrator. But there will be a deal of bargaining first. For we know already that the Henlein Party regard the Sudeten concessions as nothing more than crudely shaped bargaining counters.

LADY WARWICK. — When Mr. Britling "saw it through" in the great war, the presence in his neighbourhood of Lady Homartyn, Lady Frensham, and other political ladies of their kind put an extra strain on his reserves of philosophy and patience. Yet he couldn't keep away from them and their talk. Talk was meat and drink to him, but his American friend wondered (and could not solve the problem) whether these political hostesses with their intimate friendships with leaders in the State really did have a hand in running the country as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels suggested. Mr. H. G. Wells lived near Easton Lodge, Dunmow, and perhaps helped Frances, Countess of Warwick, to "become a Socialist." I put it in inverted commas because Lady Warwick never "put off the old man" before assuming "the new woman." In her case "the old man" was an inflexible belief in a ruling class, in the traditions of privilege still rampant in the inner circle in late Victorian and Edwardian days, and in the political influence which politically-minded hostesses could exert over current politics. She was "born in the purple" and the hue never turned to true red. And did she, and women like her, exercise any influence in politics? I don't think so. I should say Princess Lieven was about the last to succeed at all in that line and in her case only through the hearts and not the intellects of leading statesmen. A mistress may achieve something, a hostess nothing, unless what she urges marches with the secret aims of the statesman she "has in her pocket." In the late Edwardian Age it became the "thing" among women of fashion once more to take a hand in politics as they did in the Reform Bill era; it became also fashionable (as among Oxford undergraduates) to catch Socialism as boys catch measles and to come out in a red rash. But were politics influenced thereby, was Socialism benefited? I think not. The fashion followed the fashions for croquet and bicycling and was embraced as enthusiastically and often as swiftly discarded. The enfranchisement of women certainly owed little to the political activities of great social hostesses, and Socialism has lost more than it has gained by the patronage of the privileged class. Feminine influence is most marked and useful in politics when it is not exerted in political garb. It always was so and always will be so. Women are not by nature equipped to compete with men in politics or law and any fields where relevance, restraint and logic are most called for. They are supreme in many other fields wherein their instinct carries them quickest to the root of the matter. Humanity was Lady Warwick's strong suit. She had a generous nature and took up the cause of the underdog blindly wherever she saw a cause.

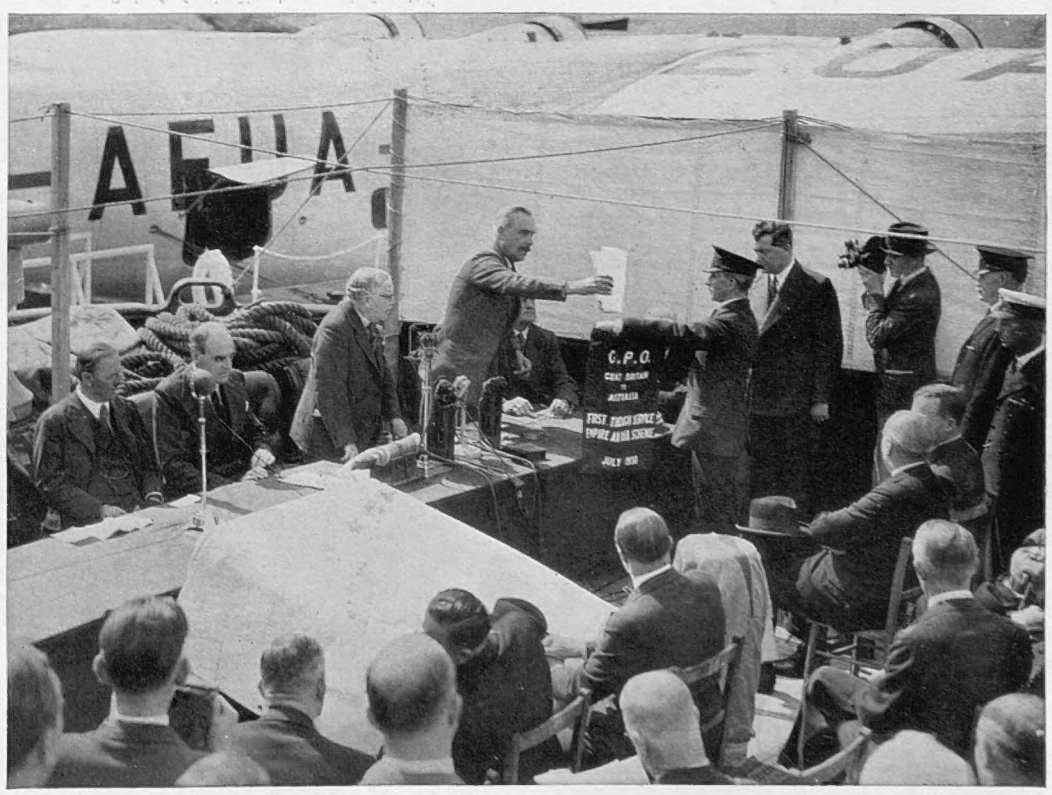
ASHES. — Australia keeps the Ashes, whatever now befall at the Oval. We who like cricket (i.e., the old game) retain the memory of one superbly fought out, ding-dong match played to a finish in the spirit of the game, and of two inconclusive, but exceedingly keen, struggles unmarred by "incidents" or breezes, alike for players and spectators. I saw only the match at Lord's. It was indecisive, but it was played to the end as cricket is played in the Green Jackets or an I.Z. Cricket Week, and that means champagne for cricket lovers. Australia keeps the Ashes, but they are wrongly labelled "the Ashes of English cricket." *The game is alive.*

DEAD AS QUEEN ANNE. — At first sight there seem to be innumerable subjects of the hour (let alone of perennial appeal) to interest the public. But one is constantly reminded that it is not so, by instances of the overdoing of some single subject of proved interest or the dragging out and reflogging of very dead donkeys. It passes my comprehension that the readers of any paper (however large its circulation) can require three concurrent accounts of a cricket match, two by "experts," highly paid rather for their past cricket experience than for their merits as journalists, and one more by the regular staff reporter. And it passes my comprehension that any paper can satisfy its readers by filling three or four different columns with various aspects and views of a controversy as dead as that known as the Wilde—Frank Harris. Yet so it is. Middle-aged and elderly men of letters can still raise their blood pressure and shout themselves hoarse over Wilde's career. They would not, and could not, waste an hour on polite discourse concerning his literary remains. He had his share of genius and nobody worries about it. His plays are as dead as Queen Anne. His books no one reads. His poetry a few read. But the details of his career apparently are among the comparatively few subjects which eternally are journalistic or publishing "box-office."

A GREAT CIVIL SERVANT: Sir Maurice Hankey (right) in conversation with Sir Ian Malcolm as he was about to leave London for Paris in connection with his new duties as British Government representative on the board of the Suez Canal Company. Only last week he retired from his position as Secretary to the Cabinet, a post he had held with distinction through successive ministries for close on a quarter of a century. Sir Maurice guards more official secrets than any Englishman living

"LUTINE" GOLD.—The *Lutine* was wrecked off Terschelling in 1799, carrying a cargo of bullion. Her ship's bell was recovered and needs no publicity. Her gold has become a legend and has inspired scores of fortune hunters to try their luck, seldom with success. I don't know how much money has been spent in 140 years on endeavours to lift the gold. That expenditure has paid no dividend. The harvest of the sea has been meagre. None can tell how much more will be recovered nor how much lies still at the bottom of the sea off Terschelling. The *Lutine's* gold is like any other gold, an elusive thing, devilish hard to pick up in satisfactory quantities.

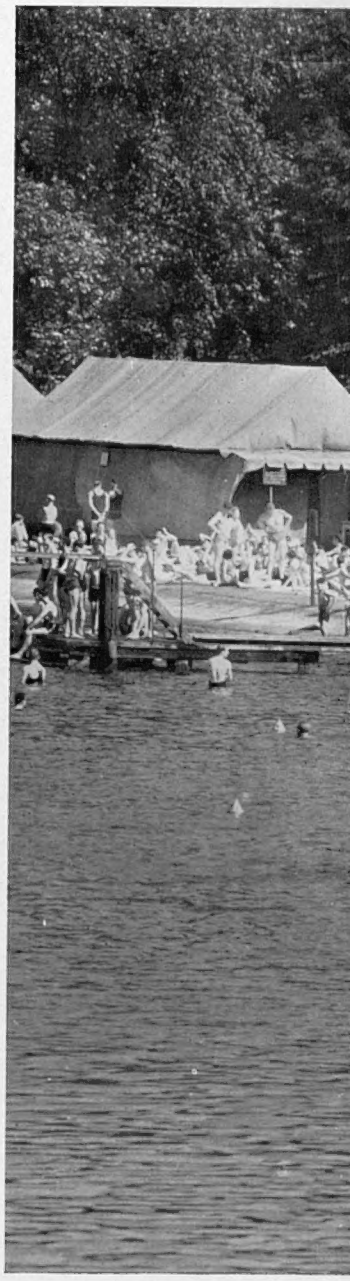
THE OLD STAGER



CHEAPER EMPIRE AIR MAIL: The Postmaster-General, Major Tryon, placing messages from the King to the Acting Governor-General of Australia and to the Governor-General of New Zealand, in one of the mail bags when inaugurating the new no-surcharge service which allows of letters being carried to the Antipodes at the ordinary rate of 1½d. Seated, second from left, is Sir John Reith, the new chairman of Imperial Airways and former chief of the B.B.C., and standing (third from left) is Air Minister Sir Kingsley Wood. In the background can be seen the flying boat *Calypso*, waiting ready to take off on its 13,000-mile journey

SEA, RIVER

How Londoners Kept



LONDONERS WHO STAYED IN TOWN kept cool on Bank Holiday in the Serpentine. In the foreground is the children's section

SOUTHEND'S WONDER BEACH THRONGED: Looking down on the vast bathing and boating pool, one of the big attractions at this resort to which thousands of Londoners flocked during Bank Holiday when the thermometer hovered for long periods between the 70's and 80's

A WEEK-END UNDER CANVAS: A veritable town of tents at Rottingdean, Sussex, where hosts of people spent camping holidays amid the refreshing greenness of the Downs and within easy reach of the sea. Some brought trailer caravans with them, and did things in style

AS CARS ROARED AROUND THE TRACK during the Brooklands meeting, their drivers perspiring in the heat, sparsely-clad and obviously cool holiday-makers watched them from punts and canoes

AND LAKESIDE LURE THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY CROWDS

Cool in the Grilling Heat of a Brilliant Week-end — Contrast at the Brooklands Races — Campers at Rottingdean

LURE OF THE RIVER: The Thames between Richmond and Kingston was thronged with holiday-makers who must have congregated there in well-nigh record numbers and quite evidently found the waters as pleasantly refreshing in the great heat as did those who journeyed southwards to the coastal resorts. The Thames, in the 80's and 90's of last century the haunt of the straw-hatted, blazer-clad middle classes, would seem to be finding an even wider popularity these days

INHERITOR OF A PROUD NAME: This was the animated scene that met the eye at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard on July 28 as the new Cunard White Star liner, *Mauretania*, the world's twelfth largest merchant vessel and the largest ever built in an English shipyard, was ready to glide down the slipway into the waters of the Mersey in the presence of a vast throng of 50,000 spectators. The *Mauretania* was laid down in May, 1937, and the speed with which the work has been carried out easily constitutes a record for a craft of her size. Her designed tonnage is 33,000, about the same as that of her record-breaking predecessor

A SPECTACULAR MOUNTAINEERING FEAT: Despite an official ban on all attempts to scale the dangerous North Wall of the 13,000 ft. Eiger, in the Bernese Oberland, these four young Germans, two from Munich and two from Vienna, made an assault on the peak and, after three nights of terrible hardship on the exposed face, succeeded in reaching the summit and in returning to safety. At one time they were caught by a blizzard

THE GIRL WHO SWAM THE BALTIC: Jenny Kanmersgaard, who entered the water at Gjedser, southernmost point of Denmark, and forty hours later landed on the German coast 26 miles distant

THE NEW LINER "MAURETANIA" LAUNCHED AT BIRKENHEAD

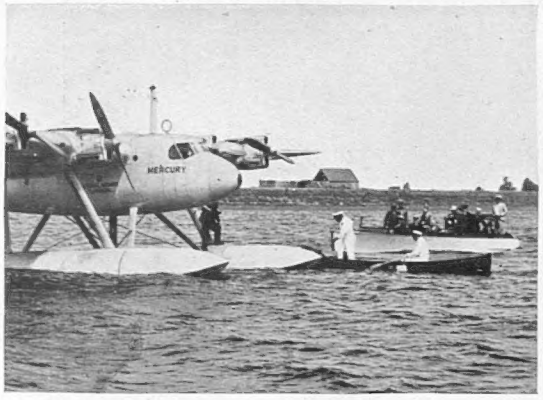
And Other Current Events of Moment—The Eiger's North Wall Scaled by Germans—Girl Swims the Baltic—Esperanto Societies Meet in London

AT LAST IN HER ELEMENT: The new *Mauretania* in charge of tugs in the Mersey as she was towed to her fitting-out basin after being launched from Messrs. Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard. No drag-chains were used for the launch, the whole delicate manœuvre being accomplished with the help of wind and tide. The great vessel entered the river at right-angles to the stream, but she no sooner had her bows in the water than the wind, acting on the towering hull, and the current, running at about seven miles an hour, turned her smoothly and in a graceful curve upstream, her anchors later being lowered to bring her to rest

LONE BRITON TRIUMPHS IN GERMAN GRAND PRIX: Mr. R. J. B. Seaman, only entrant from this country, garlanded in German style after his victory in the motor racing classic at the Nuerburg Ring. He drove a Mercedes-Benz

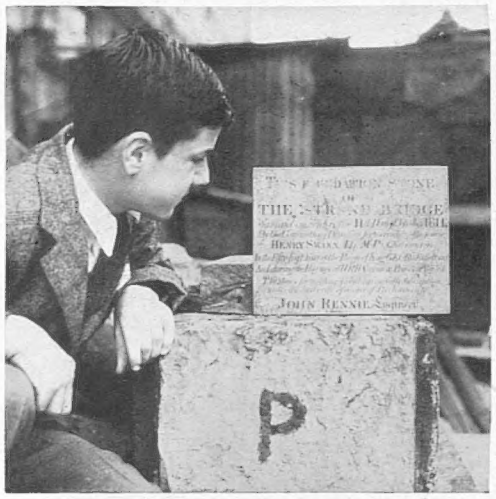
THIRTIETH ESPERANTO CONGRESS OPENS IN LONDON: Czechoslovakian and Lithuanian delegates, clad in national costumes, as they arrived at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, for what, in international parlance, they term their Universala Kongreso. Esperanto was invented by Dr. Zamenhof, a Warsaw oculist, who published his system in 1887, and since then it has made great strides

IS IT WAR OR JUST ANOTHER "INCIDENT"? was the world-wide query at the week-end when Russian and Japanese troops clashed on the Soviet-Manchukuo border, the fighting, by all accounts, being of a most desperate character. This recently-taken picture shows men of the Army of the Far East beguiling a transcontinental armoured train journey with music from an accordion



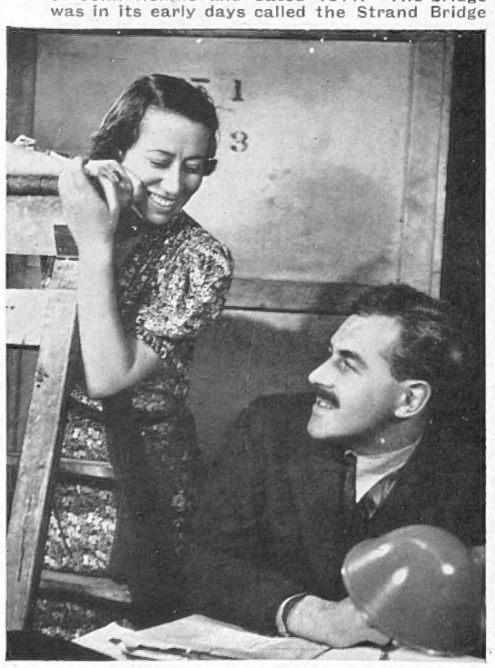
"MERCURY" REACHES THE ST. LAWRENCE: The upper component of the Mayo Composite Aircraft pictured at Boucherville, near Montreal, after completing her record-breaking east to west crossing of the Atlantic in just over twenty hours. On board were London newspapers which were sold in Canada and the United States on the day following publication

GERMANY AND THE ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE: Men looking over the Reich plane, *Nordwind*, on her arrival at Port Washington, Long Island, following a successful non-stop flight of 2,397 miles from Horta in the Azores, where she was catapulted away by her parent ship

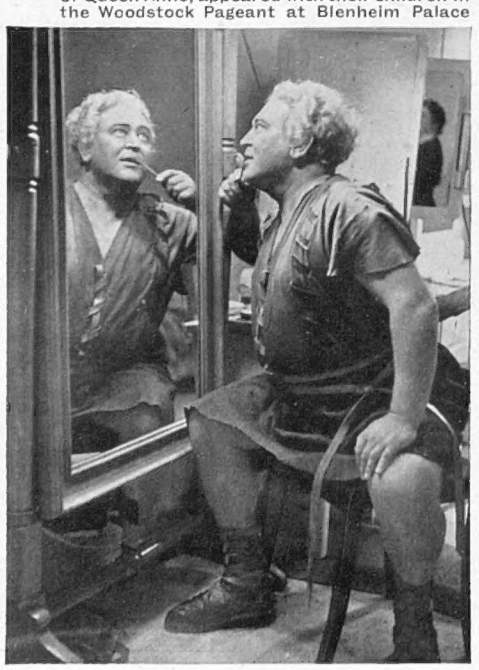


THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF OLD WATERLOO BRIDGE has been brought to light during excavations at the south abutment, and on it was this leaden plaque bearing the name of John Rennie and dated 1811. The bridge was in its early days called the Strand Bridge

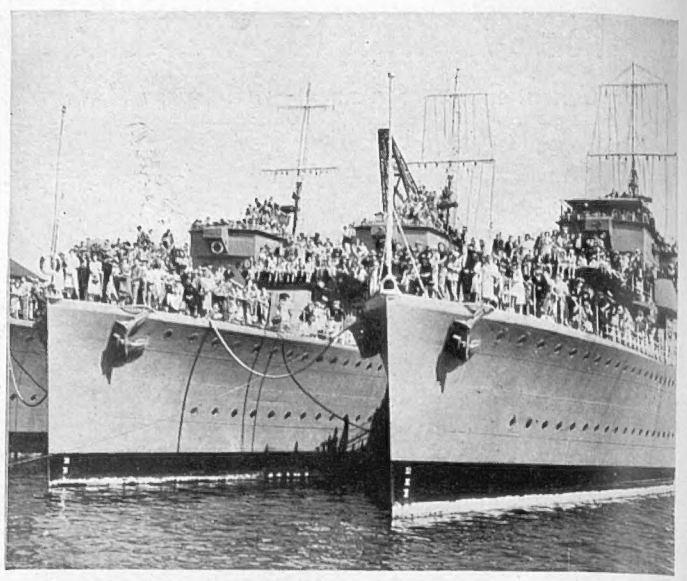
MARLBOROUGH FAMILY IMPERSONATIONS: The Duke of Marlborough as his famous soldier ancestor, and the Duchess of Marlborough as the equally famous Sarah Churchill, favourite of Queen Anne, appeared with their children in the Woodstock Pageant at Blenheim Palace



"LAST TRAIN SOUTH" is the title of novelist R. C. Hutchinson's first play, the script of which he is here seen discussing with Flora Robson, who has been chosen to take the lead. It will be presented at the St. Martin's next week



SALZBURG IN 1938: Franz Voelker making up for the title role in *Parsifal* in which he is appearing at the festival which was opened a few days ago by Dr. Goebbels. Salzburg this year is only a shadow of its former self



DESTROYERS MADE A FIRST-RATE GRANDSTAND for people watching the spectacular Bank Holiday display in Chatham dockyard at the start of Navy Week which, as usual, has been taking place simultaneously at three ports — Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth

BRITAIN'S "BEST BOB'S-WORTH"

Ever Popular Navy Week Once Again Draws Holiday-makers to Portsmouth, Flymouth, and Chatham

LESS than five years ago Navy Week was brought into being with the object of giving citizens a better insight into the life and work of the senior service.

Now in 1938, after an incredibly short space of time, Navy Week has become an institution; Britain has taken it to its heart and, deservedly enough, it has earned the nickname of "Britain's Best Bob's-worth." Whether you go to Portsmouth, Chatham, or Plymouth the price is the same. A shilling admits you to the dockyards, and there, with no extras besetting your path, you may go aboard the great ships of our bigger and better navy and see displays which no professional showman in the world could surpass in dramatic quality.

It is truly a great experience, and no wonder attendance records were broken on the opening day, last Saturday, when 14,000 people flocked to Portsmouth, 8,400 descended upon Chatham, and another 8,000 or so went to Plymouth, there to be beguiled by such demonstrations as a duel between submarine and destroyer, a cruiser bombarding a fort, or, as at Chatham, a realistic presentation of A.R.P. in practice. It is not all grim reality, however, for the sailor, with his high good humour and a breeziness all his own, adds just sufficient spice to the proceedings to balance the diet of spectacle, and to make the entertainment wholly palatable.

Many who visited Chatham on the opening day were deeply impressed by the inaugural speech of Admiral Sir Edward Evans, Commander-in-Chief the Nore, who spoke from the quarter deck of the *Sheffield*, one of the new and formidable 10,000-ton cruisers of the Southampton class.

Sir Edward talked in particular of family tradition in the fleet. "We are very well off in the navy and marines," he said. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating. You will find that in both of the King's sea services there is a high percentage of family tradition. Young marine recruits and young sailors, stokers and artificer apprentices here are 'following in father's footsteps.' Officers and men, old and young, believe in the navy and all that it stands for in this twentieth-century era."

"I have shared triumph and disaster, misfortune and success with the British bluejacket for forty years throughout the Seven Seas," concluded Sir Edward in his pæan of praise of our sailors, "and even beyond, for I have sledged with them over ice and snow for literally 2,000 miles."

NO SECRECY THERE: Members of the public going aboard the new Southampton-class cruiser *Glasgow* during Navy Week at Portsmouth. These ships have been characterised as the most powerful cruisers ever built for any navy. They mount twelve 6-in. guns, have a formidable anti-aircraft armament, and carry three flying boats

BUSY DAYS ON THE IRON ROAD: Streamlined locomotives and other giants of the L.M.S. system drawn up for final overhaul in the Camden Town yards before playing their part in the August Bank Holiday rush, for which the "big four" once again made elaborate arrangements regarding the running of "specials" and the multiplication of services. If August is a sunshine month railroad shareholders, lately bemoaning low traffic receipts, may well have cause to smile

BRITAIN'S RAILWAYS and the AUGUST HOLIDAYS

Italy Introduces The "Strada Guidata"

On left—ITALY'S TRANSPORT INNOVATION: This is the new "Strada Guidata" which has lately been built in the vicinity of Rome, and is arousing considerable interest in engineering circles. It consists of a narrow ribbon of concrete in the centre of which is a raised guide track, and the idea is that tractors should haul along it at one time as many trailers as their power permits, the guides serving to keep the trailers in position when taking curves. Under this scheme enormous quantities of freight can be transported with economy, the "Strada Guidata" being as cheap as any road toconstruct, yet providing many of the advantages of the costlier railway

HOW THE "STRADA GUIDATA" WORKS: A close-up showing the manner in which the guide tracks on this Italian road-cum-railway keep a long line of trailers on the highway when rounding a bend; devices attached to the axles make constant contact. The scheme has worked well on trial and it is expected that it will be adopted widely in Italy, particularly in regions where much building development is planned

IN PALESTINE NOW:

ON GUARD IN THE EMEK VALLEY: *Above*—A mobile unit of the Jewish Supernumerary Police, and (*on right*) a mounted member of the same force, which is engaged in patrolling this troubled area. Now that certain of the more hot-headed civilian Jews are becoming actively hostile in face of the expressed wishes of their leaders, a phase of increased anxiety is confronting the administration with regard to the Supernumerary Police. With such tense feeling in the air all over Palestine a necessarily severe strain will be placed both on Jewish and Arab police, but it is to be hoped that the spirit of loyalty and discipline will be maintained in spite of provocation

THE ARMED JEWISH WOMEN SETTLERS would appear to present no problem to the administration, for they take no share at all in acts of aggression. *Below*—Jewish Supernumerary Police patrolling a highway outside Haifa. *Below on right*—Dealing with a casualty after a bomb outrage perpetrated in Haifa last month

HAIFA BY DAY AND NIGHT: Two impressions of outdone Jerusalem in the tragic record of Bay of Acre and showing a British warship light playing across it in order to detect the first

A Record of the Latest Phase in the Struggle Between Jew and Arab

PARALYSING TRANSPORT: Removing a barricade of stones placed across a main road by Arab bands which continue to defy the military in Galilee and make commerce between town and town a practical impossibility. It has been found in some cases that these highway barriers contain concealed mines

the great port of Palestine which during the long months of disturbance has even bombings and other outrages. *Above*—A magnificent scene looking out across the moored near the Customs House. *Below*—The harbour after dark with a search-signs of any possible disturbance. Away in the distance are the heights of Carmel

A RESULT OF ARAB SABOTAGE: A steel telegraph pole almost bent to the ground in the country between Nablus and Jenin where the "Oozlebarts" (military nickname for the Arab bands) have been particularly active of recent weeks. *Below*—A unit of the Essex Regiment, recently drafted to the Tiberias district, patrolling the countryside with a machine-gun

COMMUNIST STRONG MEN: A new picture of Mao Tse-tung (right), chairman of the Chinese People's Soviet Republic, and Chang Kuo-tao, President of the Republic, taken at Yennan, their capital in Shensi

WOMEN PLAY THEIR PART: Miss Chang Chih-fang (right of group) and her two assistants who are engaged in the organisation of women's activities throughout China's Communist zone. Every able-bodied woman in the zone is assisting in prosecuting the war against Japan in which, as General Chiang Kai-shek freely admits, his Chinese Communist allies—once his bitterest enemies—have already played a vitally helpful part

A STUDENT OF "THE RED ACADEMY," that remarkable institution which the Chinese Communists have established in their own zone and where the training is largely of a military and political character. The head of the Academy is youthful General Lo Sui-Ching, a former Red Army commander, who is seen (*on right*) standing in front of his office which is a cave in the solid rock. Altogether this seat of popular learning occupies 170 such caves which would make perfect bomb proof shelters in time of emergency. The Academy has a long waiting list

WHERE FIGHTING HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL: An aerial view of the flooded area in the region of Kaifeng. Immediately after the Japanese entered this district the Yellow River burst its banks, spreading far and wide across the country

THE ELEMENTS—A DECISIVE FACTOR: Japanese infantrymen in the Yellow River region gaze ruefully upon the floods which have pierced right through a railway embankment. *Below*—Coolies attempting to strengthen a dyke as the waters rose

Japan Closes In on the WUHAN CITIES

THE war in China focuses on a cluster of three cities: Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang, known collectively as Wuhan or the Wuhan Cities. Politically, Wuchang is the most important. It is the oldest, and is the capital of the Province of Hupeh. Wuchang is Chinese and aristocratic, whereas its sister cities are hybrid and commercial. Nevertheless, Hankow is better known abroad because ships from all over the world tie up at its wharves. These two cities face each other across a mile's width of the Yangtse's muddy waters. Launches and cargo boats ply continually between them.

All three cities have recently been bombed as a prelude to Japan's attempt to reach them by river and overland. Anti-aircraft guns kept the Japanese bombers high, with the result that the destruction accomplished was largely wide of military objectives. A crowded theatre, used as a refuge, and the maternity ward of the Hupeh Provincial Hospital are reported among the direct hits scoring hundreds of deaths.

Dangerously in the line of air raids are the beautiful new buildings of Wuhan National University, completed in 1935. So many of China's educational centres, no nearer than this to military objectives, have been demolished by the Japanese in the past year, that grave fears are entertained for the fate of this progressive University. All schools and colleges in the Wuhan area were closed in mid-June to allow students to disperse.

For weeks all roads out of the Wuhan cities have been crowded with refugees, fleeing by car, rickshaw, wheelbarrow, donkey and on foot. Others have left by junk and steamers for the west. It is estimated that out of a Chinese population of 1,500,000, half have already been evacuated. Foreigners have been sent by train and aeroplane to Hong Kong. A thousand had gone before the end of December last. Of the 1,100 who remained, 300 were British, 200 Americans, 180

(*Continued on page* 232)

The imposing new buildings of the Wuhan National University, which was only completed in 1935 and may possibly suffer in the Japanese attack on Hankow. Owing to this threat it is understood that all valuable equipment and books have been removed to safety

CHINA'S COMMUNISTS AND NATIONALISTS COMBINE AGAINST THE FOE

Glimpses of Life in the Soviet Area, where a Powerful Administration is in Operation —The Red Academy and Its Youthful Headmaster—Soviet Women and the War

WHERE THE EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY IS OPERATING: A sketch-map showing the mountainous country in which the Chinese Communist forces are now fighting and, by skilful guerrilla tactics, harassing to a marked degree the Japanese lines of communication on the railroads running from Peking to the south

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ROUND UP: A sketch-map showing by means of arrows the direction in which China's Nationalists drove China's Communists in the ten-year campaign which came to an end in 1936

MANY people are surprised to learn that Communism exists in an organised form in China to-day, and that in the regions of the west and north-west the Communists actually control a large area of Chinese territory, the capital being at Yennan, Shensi. Since the death of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, when the Right staged its *coup d'état*, these Left Wing forces have been constantly at war with General Chiang Kai-shek's Central Government; but now, in the time of China's trial, they have put patriotism before expediency, and their 8th Route Army is fighting with great success in the war against the common enemy—Japan. The real leader of the Communists is Mao Tse-tung, who styles himself "Chairman of the Chinese People's Soviet Republic," and for whose head Nanking once offered a reward of £50,000. He is a man of wide culture and is deeply interested in the training of youth.

On right — THE ALTAR OF HANKOW'S ORTHODOX RUSSIAN CHURCH: A shrine, built by wealthy Russian tea merchants, which may suffer sadly if the Japanese take the city

THREATENED BY JAPANESE BOMBS

SPORT DOMINATES AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE and these U.S. athletic stars, pictured aboard a German liner as they sailed for Europe last month, are upstanding products of that abundantly available and highly developed muscular education

SHORTS AND SHAPS! Open-air girls on the famous Diamond Dude Ranch in Mendocino County, California, where American youth plays "cowboy" with such enjoyment

WITH THEIR CLOTHES DRIPPING AFTER THEIR BAPTISM BY TOTAL IMMERSION, this American husband and wife rejoined their little daughter beside the floodlit pool at Gainesville, Georgia, where the Baptists recently held a big rally and, by all accounts, gained many converts

WHAT OF AMERICAN YOUTH?

A Correspondent Surveys the Rising Generation in the United States and Records Some Far from Glowing Conclusions

A short while ago an American weekly journal sought in a nation-wide survey to probe the aims and aspirations of American youth, to discover its interests and, in so far as is possible, to gauge its character. The conclusions reached were enlightening, if not heartening, and, interestingly enough, coincide with much that a young American writer has to say of his own generation in the accompanying article which, while reflecting one viewpoint, and one alone, is certainly worthy of close attention. In future issues "The Sphere" hopes to print similar articles in relation to the youth of other countries, defining, in particular, their special problems and their ways of living.

AWHILE ago I was connected with a newspaper which received all of its foreign news by radio. The man who received the messages was very competent. If he encountered static in the midst of a dispatch from China, and actually heard only part of the name of some obscure town, he could spell out the rest of it. He was more or less aware that Mussolini is not a sea-food, and he seldom reported General Franco as heading Spain's loyalist troops.

Later, the paper in question found it necessary to reduce expenses, and began by replacing the grizzled veteran with a youth of little experience whom it could hire for a few dollars a week. Thereafter, certain things began to happen to the foreign news. One dispatch that was laid on the editor's desk read: "A squadron of rebel planes was seen suspended from the English Channel by a strange atmosphere."

Then, a few days later, the young man inquired of me whether Manchukuo did not belong to Russia! This young man is twenty-one years old. He is married, and is the father of a baby three months old. A few observations confirmed my suspicions. The lad reads nothing, not even his own newspaper. His only thought at the end of a day's work is for a few drinks and a game of pocket billiards. He is, sad to relate, representative of a large section of youth in the United States to-day.

Please do not think I am straining for an effect. When an American writer refers to "the average American," he is likely to think of his own acquaintances, which lifts the average American intelligence as he knows it considerably above its actual level. The intelligence of the young man in question is singularly low; but so is the intelligence of the average American; and there are more Americans at this level of intelligence, and below it, than there are above it. One reason why Communism has made the progress it has in the United States, and why a man like Huey Long could make such an effective appeal, is because the average American has no education whatsoever in economics and government.

And this is, I think, what we want to know when we inquire into the character of American youth to-day, because it is this great body of animated stupidity which is revealed as determining the possible future development of the United States. It means that a second Huey Long will find an audience much more readily than a second Elihu Root.

What is even more disheartening is the fact that the picture above this dead level of stupidity is far from encouraging. I am thinking now of the young people who are generally counted on to grow up into successful business and professional men and civic leaders, and wise and gracious wives and mothers. There are not enough of them, their intelligence is not high enough, and their minds are not sufficiently well furnished for them to have much influence on the herd of morons I have just described.

From 1912 to 1926 this group made American history. To-day it is not making anything.

It was this more or less superior group of American youth which, between 1912 and 1926, produced a large body of important American literature, lifted American poetry to the level of an adult intelligence, developed a national audience for great music, and, above all, created a significant theatre. It was, as it has been called, "flaming youth." It drank much too much liquor. Its females wore their skirts above their knees, and cursed in public to prove that they were emancipated. Its males and females alike quite generally defied the conventions. But they produced about everything that now makes Americans refer to the decade as "the literary 20's." And they had a purpose!

Kenneth Magowan raised the cry of "the messiah of the theatre," and this cry was echoed by all the ranks of youth. It was a messianic generation. Then, in 1926, flaming youth suddenly guttered, and went out. To-day American youth is not messianic. It has no purpose. And, having no purpose, it has no character. All of which may be due to the fact that it has no genius. Or it may be due to something else.

And that something else is that the flaming youth of 1912–1926 was not commercial. It did not reject commercialism. It simply had nothing to do with it. It was fanatically devoted to a cause. It may have been ridiculous in its affectations and dubious in its morals, but it was consecrated. It was bent on the emancipation of the individual, on the effective insurrection of personal sentiment, and on the regeneration of American society through the creation of new and significant art forms.

Basically, of course, the literary and artistic generation had spent itself. It had said all that it had to say, which, in many cases was very beautiful, often important, and sometimes inspiring. But it had reached the point at which it could only repeat what it had already said. H. L. Mencken was wise enough to know this, and resigned as editor of *The American Mercury*. And the generation coming up behind it had none of its gifts and none of its interests. It also lacked the impulse to idealism and sacrifice that had been supplied by the world war, and its vitality was sapped by the amazing flow of easy money. From 1926 to 1929 the person who did not have an endless supply of cash simply did not exist.

The new generation lacked another impulse. The literary artistic movement which began in 1912 was definitely a revolt against a drab, conventional, and painfully constricted world. It was a world in which practically everything was forbidden. The writers, the artists, and the men and women of the theatre overthrew that world, so that the new generation was born into a comfortable spaciousness as well as into a fabulous economic abundance.

Something else happened. The 1912–1926 period was definitely a woman's period. Although Eugene O'Neill, the dramatist, survives as its chief and most impressive monument, the period was launched by women, fostered by women, defended by women, and chiefly glorified by women.

In those days a woman would live with a man in one room, be content with bread and cheese, wear faded and mended garments, and endure any privation for the sake of a dreamed-of artistic creation and a personal relationship. That type of woman disappeared, and she was replaced by the "gimme sister." "Gimme this" and "gimme that." The American young man suddenly found himself confronted with a woman who, instead of being ecstatically eager to live and work and fight and dream and suffer with him, could not even be induced to look at him for less than a gilded luxury, and could assuredly be counted on to abandon him for the next larger cheque book she encountered.

So, if you would ask me what American youth is to-day, I would reply that it is a shell. If you were to pick it up and shake it, something inside would rattle.

It is terribly well dressed. Even the young American male is terribly well dressed. That is partly due to the American woman, who more and more demands sartorial perfection of men. It is partly because of the great corporations who will have none of a man who does not look, at least, the part of affluence. Certainly I know of no people who are as constantly and acutely conscious of personal appearance, except perhaps the Hungarians.

The emphasis on dress is much more than an affectation. It is symptomatic of a condition. There is nothing left inside. No more dreams to be evoked. No further word to be made flesh. So it is necessary to adorn the outside.

But it is more than this. There is nothing left outside, nothing, at least, that contemporary American youth can discern. Nothing to work toward or to strive for. The promise of old-age security, the promise of relief if you are out of a job are not inspiring to young people to whom old age is a myth and a job is an incident. Where is that golden age that the new artistic forms were going to create? And where is that passionate devotion to an ideal man-woman relation which was one of the chief driving forces of the 1912–1926 period? And where is that uncompromising insistence on the untrammelled sovereignty of the individual?

GERMANY'S CHAIN OF MODERN, CIVIL AERODROMES

THE MAGNIFICENT APPROACH TO COLOGNE AIRPORT FROM THE CITY: An example of the skilful planning that is to be found in civic aerodromes throughout the Reich where the development of civil aviation is being fostered with as much enthusiasm as in any other country. Wherever possible German flying fields are completely isolated from wooded and built-up areas, thus minimising the chances of accident when pilots are taking off or landing

SERVING THE POPULOUS REGION OF THE RUHR: The modernistic concrete and glass control building at the Essen-Molheim aerodrome

THESE photographs of typical German aerodrome buildings show well with what thoroughness civil aviation is treated in Germany. Both from an architectural and utility point of view, these buildings are very greatly superior to those that we are accustomed to see on British aerodromes. This is, perhaps, to a large extent due to the fact that the majority of German civil airports are important links in the European air line system, but so are the terminal aerodromes of London. It can hardly be said that the most important of them, Croydon, can bear comparison with the representative selection that appears on this page.

On right—A GERMAN EAGLE WROUGHT IN STONE stands above the imposing main entrance of Cologne's modernistic airport building

A BUSY AERIAL JUNCTION: The airport building at Frankfort-on-Main consists of a tower in which the administrative staff is housed, and a main block largely devoted to passenger accommodation. Like most German airports, it is a popular rendezvous among the townspeople, and the restaurant there is regarded in the nature of a club, being much frequented at week-ends

The aerodromes themselves are as finely planned as their buildings and are equipped with the latest devices for fog-landings and night operation. A large staff of efficient uniformed attendants and police ensure the swiftest service for any visiting aeroplane. For private flyers this super-efficiency is inclined to be irksome. The elaborate and thorough system of warning aerodromes by telegraph of expected arrivals, and the compulsory waiting for weather reports can be, though undoubtedly in the interest of the flyers themselves, sometimes only impatiently endured.

Due to the care that is put into the catering arrangements and the attractive settings offered, a German airport is a popular rendezvous for the inhabitants of the town. Although the aerodromes lie some miles outside, large crowds gather over week-ends to take the air and watch what activity there may be. This form of rendezvous is unknown in England for the present, but is likely soon to materialise. Mr. Whitney Straight, who owns and is equipping a whole chain of aerodromes all over the country, is making a great point of providing amenities and attractive catering at his airports in order to make them a popular rendezvous for local people whether they are interested in flying or not.

Nigel Tangye

FRANCE on the AFRIC SHORE

Flanked by European Neighbours, France Faces the Delicate Problem of Balancing the Claims of Modern Islam with the Actualities of To-day

By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK

RARE FIGHTING STOCK: French Moroccan troops at a ceremonial parade in the presence of the Governor. They are magnificent soldiers, possessed of high courage, as witness the years it took to bring them under French authority

THE French not only rule what has been aptly called Africa Minor, that is to say, that fertile stretch which lies between the mountains and the Mediterranean, but they also control the desert beyond those mountains.

The main mountain range runs from south-west to north-east, that is to say from southern Morocco to northern Tunisia. The fertile belt is, therefore, in Morocco, quite wide—in fact it comprises most of what has formed the empire of the Sultans in historic times. The strip is not so wide in Algeria and in Tunisia, and the regions where the rainfall is slight begin 100 miles south of the capital.

South of Sfax, in central Tunisia, the countryside takes on a desert character, and by the time you reach Gabes, opposite the far-famed island of Jerba, it has become desert, dotted with oases.

The frontier between Italian Libya and French-controlled Tunisia runs across what is to all intents and purposes part of the Great Eastern Erg, or land of the sand dunes. This frontier is strongly fortified. The Italians have 80,000 soldiers in Libya. Roughly one half are based on Tobruk in the east and therefore look towards the Egyptian frontier, and half are kept in the Tripoli district, that is to say, near the Tunisian frontier.

On the French side there is a triple line of fortifications, barbed wire entanglements, pill-boxes, trenches, tank pits and so forth. There are some 20,000 French troops in the Protectorate, most of whom are, naturally, massed in the south. They are, for the most part, hardened troops and include a good percentage of the Foreign Legion.

The Tunisian territory runs south into a point. In the region of Ghadames (in Libya), Tunisia, Algeria, and Libya meet, and thence onward the frontiers of the French Sahara and those of Libya march with each other.

The military situation of France in North Africa has changed radically since the last war. Not only has a new spirit swept across the Muhammadan populations, due in some measure to the grouping of independent or semi-independent Islamic states around the shores of the Inland Sea, but France has a potential enemy in Italian Libya, which has only been fully subjugated and organised within the last few years, and the Spanish civil war has made it necessary to patrol and keep watch on the frontier of the Spanish zone in Morocco.

In 1914–1918 Morocco was still being conquered. To-day the whole country is peaceful under French control and forms a most valuable reservoir of fighting men. The Moroccan is an excellent soldier—by far the best in North Africa. The old Arab proverb holds good: "Tunisia is a woman, Algeria is a man and Morocco is a lion."

Twenty years ago no one had crossed the Sahara except on camel back, and the journey was a dangerous adventure. To-day you can fly from Algiers to the French west coast of Africa in a day, cars regularly cross the desert, and although the famous Trans-Saharan railway is yet to be built, it might be necessary in wartime to bring native and other troops overland from Senegal and French West Africa to the Mediterranean ports.

War in Europe would almost certainly mean war in North Africa. The Germano-Italian barrier stretches to-day from the borders of Denmark to the little island of Pantelleria, 30 miles off the Tunisian coast.

After the Franco-Prussian war, Bismarck encouraged France on her career of colonial expansion, in large measure to take her mind off Alsace-Lorraine. The Iron Chancellor invited the French to occupy Tunisia, for he knew that the Italians had eyed the country with envy for many years, that they had there a large Italian colony, and that should the French establish themselves in Tunisia the Italians would be embittered and, therefore, more ready to enter the Triple Alliance. It all happened as Bismarck had foreseen.

This year the Italian army manœuvres took place in a zone towards the Tunisian frontier. A big review wound up the manœuvres, a review held on the plain of Bir-el-Ghnem to the south-west of Tripoli. The plain has been in times past the battle-ground for those who would possess themselves of the fertile strip of the "Three Towns." It is an arid and waterless plateau bounded by a range of scarred, sun-baked and serrated cliffs. Here about 12,000 men, fully motorised, glided past the saluting point.

The native population of Libya is now completely dominated, but it is difficult, if one has ever visited Libya, to believe that Marshal Balbo will ever be able to settle there the 300,000 Italians of whom he talks.

One must not exaggerate the strength of Italy in her North African colony. The place costs a great deal of money and brings in practically nothing: the economic hard times are felt overseas. It would be difficult to force the French defences in Tunisia, for heavy tanks cannot be used in the country. Even the new 60-ton French tanks, which can surmount practically any obstacle, cannot cross the sand dunes, and the Italians have no such monsters.

In spite of all that is said and printed, the facts of the European situation are not difficult to appraise. Germany has a heavily fortified and practically impassable line of fortifications in the west facing an equally strong French line. It is, therefore, most improbable that either country could invade the other. Russia could not intervene in Central Europe, even if she wanted to, and if the physical conditions by which her army is hampered did not exist.

The French are, therefore, although the mass of them do not perhaps yet realise it, practically forced to adopt a much more detached attitude towards what goes on beyond the Rhine than a few years ago. The future of France's greatness as a Power lies in her empire, vast and largely unexploited.

If we subtract from the area of the British Empire those self-governing dominions not controlled from London, the area of the French empire is actually greater than that of ours. This huge domain offers all the scope that is needed for French activities.

In North Africa the French are the guardians of our route to the East. They possess in Bizerta the only good natural harbour in Mediterranean Africa. The difficulties which they are experiencing in Barbary are for the most part due to causes quite beyond their control: the world economic crisis which has lowered the purchasing power of the native; a series of bad harvests; prolonged drought in many parts of the country; and the activity of various movements within Islam itself.

Although some European Powers may be thought to have an interest in stirring up difficulties among the Muhammadan populations, it is improbable that their propaganda carries much weight. Individuals may be bought up, but on the whole the unrest in Islam is due to quite other causes.

THE CAID OF MARRAKESH: Thami el Glaoui, a powerful overlord in the French zone of Morocco. Marrakesh, with its population of about 200,000, is the zone's largest city

Islam is a religion which differs from all others. Missionary enterprise makes no impression on it, perhaps very largely for the reason that Muhammadanism gives to its followers something which most men look for, that is to say, good reasons for despising masses of their fellow men. The creed is simple and there is no priesthood to foster anti-clericalism, which can so soon degenerate into unbelief.

The Rector of the great Al-Azhar University in Cairo has pointed out quite clearly that no non-Mussulman can ever pretend to be the "Protector of Islam," and we should do well to doubt when we are told that Muhammadans are adopting any of the fashionable political and social battle cries with which we are assailed to-day in Europe.

Muhammadans dislike all unbelievers, but there are degrees in their dislike, and none of those under French control have really any desire to swap masters.

Their eyes are turned towards the holy places, and even the most unorthodox are proud that the Hedjaz is in the hands of an ultra orthodox monarch. They follow closely all that is happening in Egypt. Turkey, still quite Muhammadan in many respects, they know to be strong and getting stronger; the Crown Prince of Shiite Iran is going to marry the sister of the young King Farouk, and Iraq is largely free of British control. These are the things which are talked about in the suks and mosques.

The unrest in Tunisia flared up into riot last April. Order has been restored and the leaders of the movement are in prison. This so-called "Destur" or Constitution party, however, was led by European-trained men of more than doubtful orthodoxy and had only the passive support of the professors and teachers of the Law.

The nationalism which the "Desturian" leaders professed is quite alien to the spirit of Islam and is not an article for exportation, but it is clear that in the near future some modification must be considered of the policy hitherto pursued by the French. The difficulties are great. If nationalism is encouraged to sap the international force of Islam, the nationalists will claim a greater measure of autonomy than it is possible to grant in their present state of political experience.

If any people can find the solution to the problem it is the French, for they have the faculty of obtaining not only respect but admiration from their subject peoples. The better educated the native is the more he is impressed by the great things of French culture and civilisation.

FAST-CHANGING TANGIER: These impressive modern buildings, in the Avenue Pasteur, form part of the much-developed French quarter of the city. They occupy a site at one time covered by squalid native dwellings, and symbolise the wealth France has poured into North Africa

THE DANCE IN HINDU LIFE

The Rhythmic Performers of South Western India

THE MASK OF RAVANA, DEMON KING OF LANKA: One of the magnificent headpieces worn by the temple dancers of the Malabar coast, who at festival time give performances at the great shrines and recall many of the epics upon which the Hindu faith is based

EPIC OF THE GODS AND DEMONS: In this temple dance of the Malabar coast we see Ravana, demon king of Lanka, attempting to overpower Sita, wife of Rama—seventh incarnation of Vishnu. A picture taken during a performance outside a Hindu shrine at festival time

GARUDA, THE FIRE-WINGED SUN-BIRD appears in all the great temple dances of Southern India, for he is regarded as the symbol of Vishnu the Preserver, the second and most-worshipped of the gods in the Hindu triad. In Hindu art Garuda is usually depicted on Vishnu's right hand

Bernatsik

THE DAILY TASKS OF THE VILLAGE HOUSEWIFE provide the theme of this Marvari dance, which is nearly always presented at weddings and on other festive occasions. Milking the cows, making the fire, fetching wood, spinning and weaving are all represented rhythmically to the sole accompaniment of a drum. In this dance the performer is never a professional

BY BUS ACROSS THE SAHA

It is Still a Journey for the Adventurously Inclin

A HALT AMID THE DESERT WASTES: A distant view of Post Five, one of the buses of the Compagnie Générale Transsaharienne d... at the petrol pump, and behind it the wheel-less motor bus bodies w... have been converted into sleeping quarters for the accommodatio...

POINTING THE WAY: Count de Pazzis, who is known as the Chef de Section and is the controller of traffic on the more westerly of the two motor lines across the Sahara, pictured explaining details of the route to a traveller. Crossing the desert is still much of an adventure, and it has its uncertainties even for the tourist who drives in the well-equipped buses of the Compagnie Générale Transsaharienne

THE DESERT WARDEN AND HIS PETROL PUMP: The Arab caretaker at Post Five engaged in filling up the tank on the weekly visit of the trans-Sahara bus. Beyond this he has very few callers, save when some intrepid motorist chooses to cross the Tanezruft on his own

THE DESERT IS FULL OF CONTRASTS and it is easy to understand with what pleasure these travellers come upon a first-rate hotel after a hot and dusty bus journey through the arid wastes, there to enjoy an aperitif and afterwards an excellently cooked meal. On this westerly Sahara route the hotel system as yet only stretches a part of the way south

NOT so many years ago crossing the Sahara by car was a feat but rarely accomplished and invariably accorded fulsome recognition. To-day the journey is open to all, the desert being crossed from north to south by two public bus services which run between October and May and carry passengers in a quite surprisingly high degree of comfort.

The easterly route, exploited by the Société Algérienne des Transports Tropiceaux, goes from Algiers through the Ahaggar mountains, its termini being Kano, mart of Northern Nigera, and Fort Lamy, near Lake Chad.

The western route, which is illustrated in the accompanying pictures, is organised by the Compagnie Générale Transsaharienne and starts from Colomb Béchar, a town which can be reached by railway from either Oran or Algiers. The route goes due south through the desolate region of the Tanezruft, where Post Five is situated, and the Niger is joined at Gao. The terminus is Niamey.

Because there is a regular transport service on each route, it must not be assumed that there are roads across

(Continued on right)

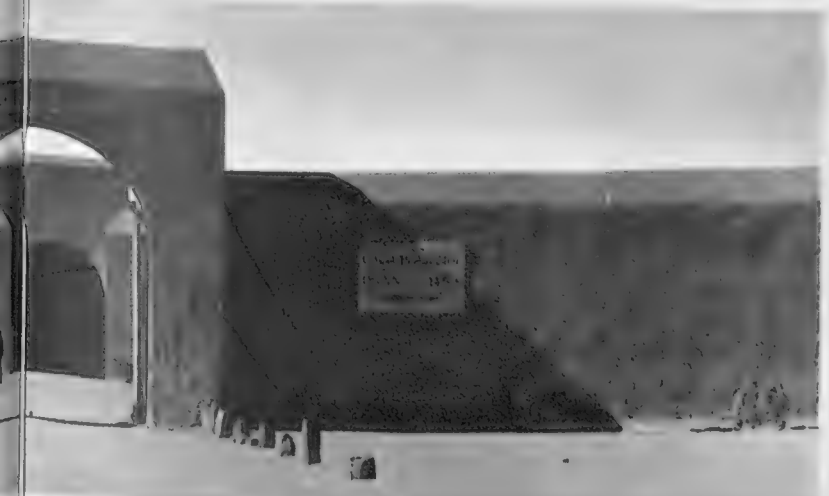
1,490 KILOMETRES SOUTH OF ORAN Ilet Bordj Estienne, the Sahara... where Count de Pazzis, a member of the old French aristocracy... established his quarters and is engaged in the weighty task of or... the bus route of the Compagnie Générale Transsaharienne which sta... from Colomb Béchar, a town linked by rail with the Mediterranean,...

HARA ON THE TANEZRUFT ROUTE

...clined, But Each Year Brings New Amenities for the Traveller

...ing ... up ...dies which ...dation of travellers. Post Five lies right in the heart of the Tanezruft, the most featureless section of the Sahara, where plant and animal life are non-existent and the scorching heat of the day gives place at night to almost Arctic temperatures. No white man could live for long in such a place. An Arab caretaker is in charge

THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE: The Arab caretaker's provisions at Post Five are brought by the weekly trans-Sahara bus, and he is also given a substantial supply of water, as there is none to be had in the vicinity. There is a plan on foot to improve the amenities of Post Five by erecting a proper rest-house there



...fort ...has ...lising ...starts ...and roughly speaking follows the meridian across the Tanezruft to the Niger at Gao, whence it continues to Niamey. Count de Pazzis runs the fort as an hotel and travellers are agreeably surprised by the excellent service and the excellent menus the place offers despite its decidedly isolated position. The fort is wonderfully cool after the burning heat experienced during the desert journey

THE DESERT LIGHTHOUSE AT POST FIVE: The Arab caretaker climbing the steel ladder to light the lamp as night draws near. The beacon was erected in 1935 and proves an admirable guide both for the bus drivers, who can see it from many miles away, and for the pilots on the new air route established between Algeria and French West Africa

THE TRANS-SAHARAN BUS pictured on arrival at Post Five. It has been specially built for desert travel, such features as port-hole windows being included to reduce the sun's glare within. Near the entrance are listed the principal stopping places on the route

the desert. There is merely a track which has been cleared of major obstacles and is marked, where possible, in an unmistakable fashion. Driving sand winds however may completely obscure the track between markers and, if these are far apart, it may be necessary to steer a compass course until the track once more becomes recognisable. As the track is not metalled or provided with any artificial surfacing, it quickly deteriorates, and it is generally found more convenient to mark out a fresh track when the old one is worn out. Old tracks are generally shown as closed by the simple expedient of laying

(Continued on page 232)

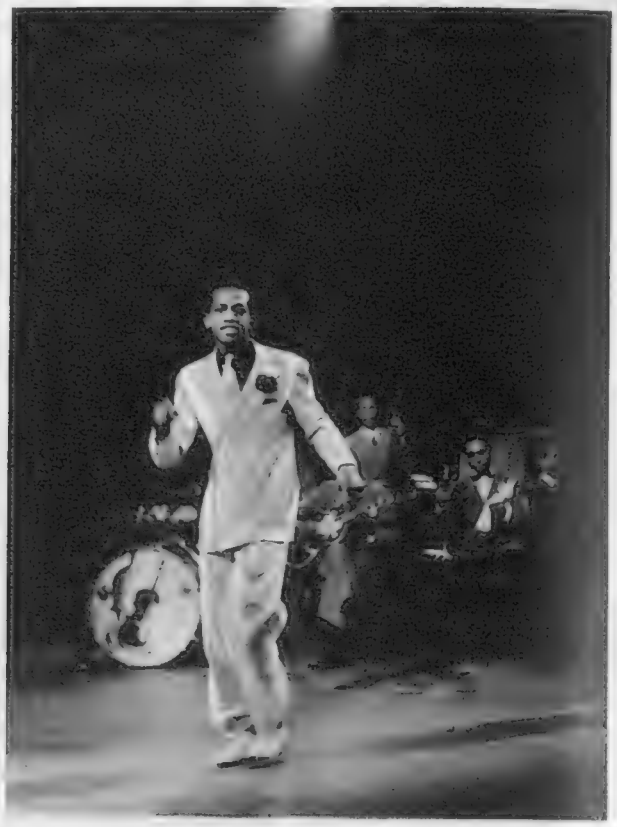
AN IDEAL SUBJECT FOR TRANSMISSION: Toe-dancer Iris Kirwhite wears a white frock and appears against a dark background when performing at the Paris television studio; this contrast producing the clearest possible image. The studio is now trying more ambitious transmissions

IN THE GLARE OF THE ARC LAMPS: A Spanish dancer exhibits her prowess

When television first began in France two and a half years ago, the Barthelmey process was employed, giving an image made up of only 180 lines. Now 455 lines are used, and viewers are at last obtaining very good results. In addition the French government has taken the highly necessary step of standardising the system, manufacturers of sets thus being enabled to work with the knowledge that some sudden change will not throw their stock out of date. All this is to the good, and in a year or more it is expected that the number of French viewers will have reached considerable proportions.

TELEVISION PIONEERING IN FRANCE

Paris Now Gives Daily Broadcasts, but Development Lags Far Behind that in England



STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: Al Brown, the coloured boxing champion and music-hall star, appearing with his band at the Paris television station in the rue de Grenelle from which broadcasts are now given every week-day from 3.30 to 4.30 in the afternoon and on Sundays for an hour longer, from 3.30 to 5.30. Television programmes were begun in France two and a half years ago, but it is only lately that they have become at all ambitious in scope and, even now, the organisation there is lagging some way behind that in England and the United States. The number of viewers is still confined to a few hundred people, mainly consisting of technicians, but, now the government has standardised the whole system, the wireless industry is beginning the manufacture of less expensive sets on mass-production lines

EXCERPTS FROM OPERA are another frequent feature of Paris television broadcasts and here we see M. Podestat, the well-known tenor, giving a rendering in the studios. The transmissions are reminiscent of the early days at Alexandra Palace, but they are improving rapidly as time goes on and already plans are in hand to broadcast short films

HOLIDAY MILLIONS

When August Comes Along, Britain Stages a Run on the Banks and a Host of New Notes Must Needs be Pressed into Circulation

HOLIDAY spending by the general public is heavier in August than in any other month of the year and of the four weeks in August it is the first, containing Bank Holiday, which sees the absolute peak of holiday expenditure.

So much money is required by the public that the normal stocks of notes in the banks are hopelessly inadequate. In every part of the country almost everybody cashes a larger or an extra cheque. Local branches of the banks have to get extra supplies of notes from their head offices in London who, in turn, are supplied by the Bank of England. Every Thursday afternoon an official statement is issued by the Bank which indicates, amongst other things, the quantity of notes actually in circulation —quite apart, of course, from the notes all printed and issued, but still in the tills and the vaults of the Bank of England.

To the uninitiated these bank statements appear dull, but on examination they are full of interest.

Last year the one published at the end of July showed that during the previous week no less than £5,000,000 additional notes had been issued, while the first statement in August showed that still another £5,000,000 had been called for by the eager holiday crowds. £10,000,000 in a fortnight!

These notes are issued by the Bank of England in packets of 500 which, in turn, are made up in parcels of ten. These parcels, containing 5,000 notes, either £1 or 10s., are securely fastened with the seals of the Bank of England. The notes are collected day by day by the representatives of the chief cashiers of our great joint stock banks. They are eventually divided and subdivided into quantities suited to the needs of the various branches throughout the country, whither they are dispatched under stringent safeguards.

In passing, perhaps, it might be mentioned that considerable credit is due to the system and organisation of our banks, which enables vast sums to be moved continuously from London to the provinces, and vice versa, in almost perfect safety. The £10,000,000 August holiday money is *extra* money and quite additional to the constant flow of notes from London and the reverse flow of dirty notes withdrawn from circulation. The criminal classes are, of course, fully aware of the enormous sums which are daily in transit, but a successful robbery is almost unknown.

In any case, stolen money is difficult to dispose of in large quantities. A man carrying hundreds of brand new notes would be bound to arouse suspicion. Possibly the most sensational robbery of notes occurred in 1923, when £17,500, consigned to a bank in Bradford, was stolen from a station.

Our monetary authorities can foretell pretty accurately the amount of holiday money likely to be required. The note circulation shows certain regular movements. The first great increase occurs at Easter, but afterwards the circulation drops, to expand again at Whitsuntide. The seasonal increase over August Bank Holiday is exceeded once only during the year, and that is at Christmas, when many millions of pounds are spent on presents in addition to holiday-making and entertainments.

An increase of £10,000,000 in the note circulation for Bank Holiday does not mean that the total expenditure is only £10,000,000. Far from it.

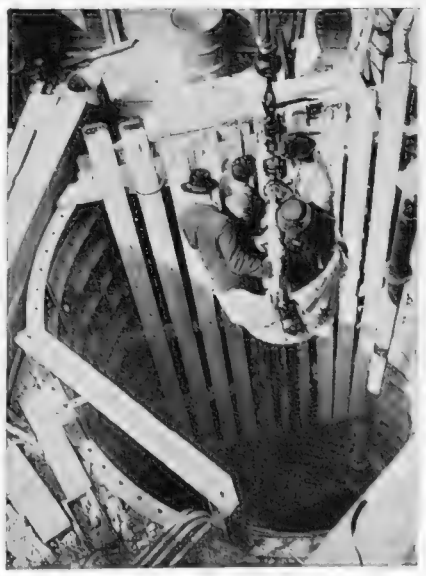
It is impossible to give any accurate estimate of the amount of money spent during August Bank Holiday week, but probably £30,000,000 would be a reasonable figure.

What happens to all the extra notes that are issued? They are spent at once and passed over to railway companies, hotel proprietors, amusement caterers, seaside landladies, and others. After the holiday they drift back to the banks, where they have been paid into the accounts of the recipients. The poor manager of the bank at a holiday resort does not really want this money at all. He probably already has as much as he requires, so all the extra money received by him is again made up into bundles of 500 notes and sent back through the head office in London to the Bank of England. Here the notes are sorted and examined. Some of the very cleanest will perhaps be re-issued for circulation, but the great majority are cancelled and destroyed.

Bank Holiday means a great demand not only for notes but for coin. In most parts of the country there are fêtes and fairs with their "enormous attractions" and "gigantic programmes." Round the coast at various resorts there are countless "fun fairs" and piers with literally scores of thousands of coin-operated automatic machines. The number of pennies in use at the seaside during August amounts to hundreds of millions. The local banks know what demands will be made on them during the holiday period and endeavour to accumulate the necessary supplies during the quiet nine months of the year.

4,500,000 CUBIC YARDS OF EARTH ARE BEING EXCAVATED from this site at Staines where the Metropolitan Water Board has started work on the creation of a mighty new reservoir which will cost over £1,200,000, and will be capable of storing 4,400,000,000 gallons of water to be used as an additional reserve in time of drought. The site covers 374 acres and the excavated material is being employed to build up the embankments

WHAT COUNTRY SCENE IS THIS? One may well ask on glancing at this picture. Actually it was taken in the very heart of London and shows the new 30 ft. road which Kensington Borough Council is hewing between Addison Road and Holland Park Avenue to relieve traffic congestion in narrow, twisting Church Street



RING BY RING THE CIRCULAR IRON WALLS GO FORWARD as workmen toil far beneath London's streets at the task of driving the new Underground railway extension from Liverpool Street to Leyton, Essex. When completed this much-needed line will relieve, in more senses of the word than one, the "long-standing" pressure on the L.N.E.R. system. *Above on left* - Men being lowered into one of the shafts of the tunnel between Stratford and Leyton

Public Works Activity in the London Area

A New Reservoir, a New Traffic Artery, and an East End Underground Extension

GOOD CASTING IN "JANE STEPS OUT": Diana Churchill, Athene Seyler, Judy Kelly, Fred Emney, Jean Muir, Peter Murray Hill, and Iris Hoey make an attractive group in this scene from the new Associated British comedy picture which was presented at the Regal, Marble Arch, on July 29. *On left*—A close-up of Peter Murray Hill, who plays the leading male role and is given a real chance to shine. Many see in him a likeness both to Carl Brisson and Robert Taylor

DRAMA

THE theatre at Richmond is a pleasant spot, even when it houses such an unpleasant play as *The Captain's Lamp*. For one thing it is agreeably old and picturesque (without being uncomfortable): it has a history; and the auditorium looks like an auditorium and not like the newest cocktail-bar at Le Touquet. I like theatres to look like theatres, with plenty of gold paint, and silly golden cupids holding silly lamps, and plush curtains, and frescoed ceilings. You can find all that and more at Richmond, where they have been producing some good plays of late.

Last week I made the journey to see *The Captain's Lamp*, which may, I gather, be seen in due course in the West End. The author is that excellent novelist, Mr. Norman Collins, and this is his first play. As such, it has certain faults of immaturity. The author sometimes starts on a trail without following it up. He introduces incidents apparently significant which really have no significance at all. His sense of the stage is also frequently at fault. In a sordid drama of this type, dramatic suspense is vastly important, and it might be (and, I hope, will eventually be) made much more dramatic than it now is, for the material is there.

On the credit side *The Captain's Lamp* has *quality*, which in the case of any play thus endowed is difficult to define; one just knows that it exists. There is not a nonsensical nor an inept moment in this story—the period is the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71—of a retired army captain in a French village who tyrannised odiously over his family, sent two of his obviously unfit sons to the front, one to be killed and the other to be maimed, who was a lecherous drunkard, a bully, and a braggart, who swaggered about in a uniform he had no right to wear, smothered with medals he had not earned. For in the last act he is unmasked as a fraud. Years before he had been court-martialled as a deserter, and when a daughter-in-law threatened to tell the neighbourhood, he shot himself. That at least was a courageous action; but he was a nasty bit of work, was the captain. Mr. William Devlin played the part with devilish cleverness and grim realism, becoming positively Laughtonesque at times in his suave sadism.

In addition to its "quality" the play has the equally valuable asset of Miss Lilli Palmer in the cast. Her opportunities are not so extensive as in *The Road to Gandahar* at the Garrick recently. But as a demure minx of a more-or-less-daughter-in-law she managed to add some badly needed comedy. She has poise and an almost overpowering suggestion of hidden force. There were good performances from Miss Catherine Lacey, Mr. Andrew Osborn, and Mr. Douglas Stewart.

"Giselle" is among ballets what *Hamlet* is among plays, and both contain a mad scene and a churchyard. The former is now nearly a century old and must be regarded, therefore, as the product of its period, that is to say rather gloomily romantic with a touch of the eerie. It has been said that to dance Giselle is the ambition of every *ballerina*, just as it is the ambition of many actors, including comedians, to play the Prince. But whereas many actors actually do play Hamlet, very few dancers get an opportunity of appearing as Giselle, for the ballet is rarely done in this country, though Sadler's Wells in recent years has been gingering up its old popularity.

In the midst of much modernity the Drury Lane ballet people have revived this museum piece, which stands the process remarkably well. If the story of the Willis Dancers (Puccini relied on this for the libretto of his first opera of all,

On left—PERIOD PIECE: While Napoleon's sisters look on, Hortense, wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, holds up her little son. An episode in the British film, *A Royal Divorce*, which Jack Raymond is directing for Herbert Wilcox at Denham. Ruth Chatterton, of Hollywood fame, plays the part of Josephine

of the WEEK

Lilli Palmer Infuses a Lighter Note Into a Heavy Play: A Classic Ballet Revived at Covent Garden: Markova's Big Success

By PHILIP PAGE

Le Villi) does not amount to much as credible drama—we never need worry about credibility in ballet anyway—it contains interesting choreography. The title-role is so difficult that the mere thought of tackling it should give many dancers "the Willies," ambitious or no. For Miss Alicia Markova—who is British, mark you—dancing difficulties did not seem to exist: it cannot be easy at any time to have to pretend to be "a disembodied Willi," and since Miss Markova managed to do so with some degree of conviction we may take it that she is something of an actress as well.

M. Serge Lifar, except for an odd facial mannerism, is, too, an actor as well as a fine dancer. His Albrecht was pleasantly heroic and M. Platoff's Hilarion was unspeakably villainous. M. Platoff, by the way, specialises in villains — he was the monstrous Malatesta in *Francesca da Rimini* at Covent Garden last season —but is, in fact, a genial young American whose name is not Platoff. The part of the Queen of the Willis is rather out of Mlle Danilova's usual line but she was, as always, delicious. A more than capable performance generally owed much to the conductor, M. Szyfer, who belied his name and showed a most dominant personality.

"Women are Like That" (Film).

—Fun in an advertising agency in particular and in the advertising world in general is now the subject of a film. For so long have I been accustomed to regard all that concerns advertising with a sort of holy gratitude mingled with awe, that in watching the film, *Women are Like That*, at the Gaumont I had a guilty feeling that I was taking part in a piece of sacrilege. When I laughed—quite loudly and frequently—a flash of primitive lightning, setting the theatre on fire, would have seemed a natural development.

The theatre was not set on fire and if this film is not likely to set the Thames on fire either, it is a gay little entertainment about a husband and wife who are rivals in business. In *Women Are Like That* the wife, of course, brings her physical enchantment into play with great gusto. Well, films are like that, and when the woman in question is Miss Kay Francis the process is not difficul.

The film has been produced with great skill and, obviously, a sense of humour, by Mr. Stanley Logan, an Englishman. Well do I remember Stanley Logan's skill on the London stage (and his sense of humour off) in the days shortly after the war, when he appeared with Sir Seymour Hicks in musical plays, in comedies at the Royalty, and at the Playhouse in a season under his own management. Some dozen years or more ago he went to America, did well from the start and has never looked back. Nor come back.

"Ghosts" of the Films.—

I have just seen some film revivals, including *The Sheik*. None did I find a comfortable experience. Such discomfort took different forms, and in one case was extremely poignant, though this was beyond comparison the best film of the lot. I suppose the personal element should not be permitted to obtrude in the case of any presumably intelligent spectator, and least of all in one who is called upon to exercise some critical faculty. But to see a man, now dead, whom one has known well and liked much, moving and talking and laughing on the screen, was to me a novel experience and a painful one. That the late Sir Gerald du Maurier has not much to do in the film in question I at least was grateful.

No doubt as time rolls on we shall get inured to seeing our dead friends "living" again in this fashion. We may even grow to welcome it. Already I seem to hear the argument "we look on their photographs as a matter of course, so why not on their moving and talking photographs? Surely we should be thankful that science gives us so vivid a way of preserving their memories?" And so on. That may be very true. But for me the time is not yet.

(*Continued on page* 232)

THE TRAGEDY OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI": The famed incident which Dante wove into his "Inferno" has provided the theme for quite one of the outstanding ballets during the present season at Covent Garden, Davide Lichine and Tatiana Riabouchinska interpreting the leading roles with deep feeling. *On right*—Serge Lifar and Markova rehearsing at Drury Lane for that classic ballet *Giselle* which was revived last week with immense success, Markova giving one of the finest performances of her career in this highly emotional and macabre part

FILMING "THE MIKADO"

Magnificent Costumes for G. & S. Picture

THE announcement that G. and S. Films were to make the first film version of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, *The Mikado*, was received with world-wide interest, but many Savoy opera fans anticipated that the producers would play tricks with the book and score and thus lose the tradition and spirit of *The Mikado*. Filmgoers, too, wondered whether the finished picture would result in a photographed opera.

The association of Geoffrey Toye, who is producing the picture, is perhaps the best guarantee that no liberties will be taken with *The Mikado*.

The costumes that are being worn by the cast are really magnificent. The many different colours and designs of the courtiers' attire, the butterfly daintiness of the "Three Little Maids from School" kimonos, the quaint fantasy of the Imperial Guard and the variety of clothes worn by the Titiputians inspire awe and wonder. Most amazing of all are the State costumes of the Mikado and Katisha, his daughter-in-law elect. Designed by Marcel Vertes and made under the guidance of Natalie Kalmus, the colour director, these costumes are a revelation. Fantastic but beautiful, they are so voluminous that a special wardrobe has been built on the set, because it is impossible for their wearers to walk along the corridors or pass through the doors leading to the studio.

The Mikado wears a kimono and trousers of gold brocade moiré, embroidered across the chest with a rising sun of gold kid. His cloak of the same gold moiré measures 15 ft. across. The edge of it has a band 2 ft. wide of rose-pink velvet on which oriental designs representing clouds are appliquéd in jade and lemon-green and turquoise-blue satin. John Barclay in the role of the Mikado is 6 ft. 5 ins. tall and his wig is dressed ornamentally to the height of another foot. With these dimensions in mind it is not difficult to imagine the imposing figure he makes.

Katisha, played by Constance Willis, is a character at once domineering and unbeautiful. Her costume is, therefore, designed to give a dominating note to her scenes. She wears a kimono of grey silk lined with bottle green with an outsize purple velvet obi. Her cloak contains 74 yards of material and measures 15 ft. across.

The film-cast includes the following G. and S. artists:—*Ko-Ko*—Martyn Green. *Pooh Bah*—Sydney Granville. *Pish Tush*—Gregory Stroud. *Pitti Sing*—Elizabeth Paynter (whom Gilbert and Sullivan fans will know as Elizabeth Nickell-Lean.)

Newcomers are:—*Yum Yum*—Jean Colin. *Mikado*—John Barclay. *Nanki Pooh*—Kenny Baker.

F. B.

On right — GORDON HARKER'S MARRIAGE: The famous character actor seen as he left the village church at Monxton, Hants, with his fair-haired actress bride, Christine Barry

FITTING HIS CLIENTS FOR A GAS MASK: It is one of the tasks of the Air Warden to visit the people in his district and to measure them for large, medium or small masks according to their requirements. This work will soon be going on all over London and already Air Wardens in Hackney, where this picture was taken, have started going from house to house. Mr. Sheldon-Williams, the author of the accompanying article, will himself be assisting in this work and hopes to describe his personal experiences in a subsequent contribution

The Story of A.R.P.—I.

THE DUTIES OF THE AIR RAID WARDEN

The First of a Series of Articles on the Problems of Civilian Self-Help

By INGLIS SHELDON-WILLIAMS

"Better take your respirator, darling. It looks like coming on to raid. There are some heavy bombers in the east."

I must try and approach this A.R.P. business impersonally. We know that air raid precautions are necessary, because their completion will render them unnecessary. Because the more perfect by actual practice is the specific means of defence, the less in the eyes of the aggressor becomes the value of the form of attack that evokes it.

At first I ignored the whole business. I felt I was meant for a better world, and if a bomb chose to lift me into it, let it. Then something happened. I found myself snarling. Yes; snarling. At least it was either the old Adam, or the British lion lashing his twisted tail and using me as a jackal. It couldn't have been Sir Samuel Hoare. He has a soft, persuasive voice on the radio, don't you think? Not a bit like a snarl.

"Hell!" I said, or some printable word to that effect—"is thy servant a conchie to entertain exalted thoughts and leave it to the other fellow to wash me up if it starts raining mustard pots? I may have that mustard's 'delayed action,' but let me tell you I have its 'high persistence' too."

And so, eventually, I qualified for the warden's badge, and our Town Clerk wrote to say that he was quite pleased.

I expected to. I had sniffed all the little bottles, and knew the smells of all the war gases that have any —*Lewisite* now; fancy being asphyxiated in a bed of geraniums. Idyllic, quite—I had burst into tears in the Home Office gas van, and knew by heart the whole chart of abominations and what they do to you, and how, and why, and what you are going to do about it.

But when they gave me the exam. paper it wanted to know none of these things and now I've probably forgotten them. But it's too late to worry about that now that I've passed the exam. I must just keep dark about it.

Here are one or two of the questions, with my answers:

"*A house is let in apartments in Palmerston Road, where there is a half-basement with a small area, facing the road. Each of the occupiers have* (sic. *This should be 'has') approached the Authorities as to a gas-proof room in their apartments. The matter has been referred to the Warden.*

(*a*) *What will you do?*

(*b*) *Specify the conditions that you will impose.*"

ANSWER:—It all depends on whether I want to make enemies for life of the occupants of the apartment house in Palmerston Road or let them settle their problem between themselves. It looks like war somewhere either way, and as a labourer for peace I deplore it. (By the by, where *is* Palmerston Road? I can't find it in my sector, so it's not my business anyhow.)

(*b*) I wouldn't impose any conditions. You have repeatedly told me that I am not a policeman and am only to "help, guide and befriend." I'm a "channel"; I'm a "shepherd." Even without my badge any intelligent occupier of apartments would see at a glance that I am "of good character, level-headed, and free from obvious physical or mental disability," in short "of a type to inspire confidence among neighbours." I am all these things, but my strong suit is soft persuasion. I would stroll to the window and admire the pretty view: win the confidence of the children or other unevacuated pets and so, little by little, work round to my subject as if I was trying to plant a Hoover. And into this atmosphere of cheerful goodfellowship I would presently insinuate—carefully wrapped up in airy persiflage—several terse conditions, against which there is no appeal in common sense, and the other kind of sense could lump it. I would then suggest that the weather was improving; perhaps kiss the cleanest of the little ones; and so, good morning.

Here are the conditions:—

Basement or no basement, whole or half, your gas-proof room must face away from the prevailing wind, which is south-westerly. *That* is essential.

If at the same time it faces the nearest adjacent buildings, so much the better. Never mind what happens to them. They may serve to screen yours from the blast from H.E. and from flying debris. The blast alone from an exploding H.E. is good to demolish an ordinary wall from a range up to 50 ft. From such there is no escape, but the odds against one going off opposite your front door are pretty long—at a guess, about the same as against your being knocked over by a car on your way down town.

Again, it is better if your window faces soft earth and not a hard road. A bursting H.E. will play the deuce with your flower beds, but to show off at its best it prefers to alight on the pavement.

But these considerations must give way to the main one. The aspect of your window determines the choice of your gas-proof room.

The second imperative is size. Reckoning walls, floor, and ceiling it must allow 100 sq. ft. of surface for each intending occupant.

The last place to select is a room at the top of the house, which at once rules out private gas-proof rooms for the top floors in apartment blocks. The incendiary bomb settles that. If the occupants of such a block really left it to me to decide I should say, "Count heads, have as few gas-proof rooms as possible, and preferably on the ground floor, whether there is a basement or not. Do what you will, agreeing among yourselves upon the least obnoxious alternative among a host of conflicting abominations is the only course open to you. The higher up you are, the more you are exposed to the effects of H.E. and incendiary bombs and the less you are exposed to the gases. On the other hand the deeper you burrow in the ground—I am speaking of ordinary houses, not of armoured concrete shelters—the more agreeable it will be to the war gases which, being heavier than air, will find a pretext to come in and sport with you and will be very difficult to dislodge after the raid. Furthermore, you will probably escape death by a direct hit by a high explosive bomb, but not the risk of its blocking your exits and burying you alive, or drowning you dead by bursting a main.

In our civilised age we can safely reckon on each new war springing on us a new diabolical surprise. Up to date we have no experience of the real thing, though a Spanish refugee from Barcelona might teach us much at second hand, but at least we know enough to realise that solving the problem of war gases and H.E. bombs in unholy wedlock is going to prove an exacting task indeed.

But we need not be downhearted. It would take a prodigious and costly number of bombing planes working leisurely and undisturbed, to wipe out a single residential district of no earthly strategic importance one mile square, and against what value the aggressor may attach to havoc wrought by raiders piercing our defensive lines for such purpose must be set by him the grim item of retaliation.

But this is getting too serious. Let me quote one more question. Quite a searching one.

"*You are in charge of a Warden's Post in a detached house which is damaged by high explosive. The walls have fallen out in places and are bulging in others; windows have been blown in and part of the roof has been wrecked. Another detached house opposite appears to be in a worse condition.*

One of your Wardens is suffering from concussion caused by a falling ceiling; a resident in the house has tripped when running downstairs and has broken his leg above the ankle; while a third person has cut, with broken glass, the palm of one of his hands, from which bright red blood is coming in spurts.

You have got one other Warden with you; neither of you is hurt and your telephone is still is use.

Describe in order what steps you would take and write the message you would send to Headquarters."

Answer, and be *quick* about it! (Forget the miracle of the still functioning telephone.) You are *not* thinking it out at ease in the quiet of the examination room. It has just happened . . . a second ago . . . will that wall still stand till you get your message through? . . . till you drag your wounded clear? . . .

"All right, old man. I'll help you in a sec. Hullo—hullo—is that Report Centre? . . . Warden's Post X19. 2 a.m. H.E. . . Post untenable . . . collapsing . . . evacuated detached opposite worse . . . one of three casualties urgent . . send two stretchers . . . moving next door . . . G'bye . . ."

Meanwhile the other Warden has first improvised and applied a tourniquet above the severed artery, for the man is bleeding to death. (He knows it is an artery *from* the heart by the bright scarlet blood and the spurts. If it had been black blood returning sluggishly *to* the heart he would have adjusted the tourniquet below the severed *vein*). Both Wardens now drag all three casualties to comparative safety, then apply splints to the broken ankle, and finally do what they can for the concussion case, their task complicated by the presumed absence of fresh air and the necessity to keep on the respirator.

If any time is on their hands before the Ambulance and Demolition Squads arrive, one of the Wardens will investigate the neighbourhood, report any fire, or damage to mains, and make himself generally useful.

Phew! A breathless business, no doubt, with much fumbling and faults.

Now consider the warden's duties in general, as adumbrated by our lecturers.

First and foremost, be always merry and bright. They were strong on the importance of always maintaining an air of cheerful confidence.

So, if possible, hum a light air while—

(a) Knocking down people who have caught fire, borrowing somebody's overcoat and smothering them with it.

(b) Stripping every stitch of clothes off any man or woman you meet in the street who has got splashed with liquid mustard gas, and throwing them into the nearest garden.

I mean the clothes, of course. Not the man or woman. You direct them to the nearest Cleansing Station. Advise them to run. Their clothes will be collected in due time by the Decontamination Squad, or C.L.G.V.S., as it is known for short. (Contaminated Ladies' and Gents' Valeting Service.) To avoid mistakes all war-time underclothing should be plainly marked in block letters.

By the by, after giving us all the above instructions the lecturer looked gravely into the earnest faces of the men and women hanging on his words. "No man" he said, quite beautifully, I thought, "would look at any woman under such circumstances, and no woman would look at any man."

But this is digressing. Our warden continues to hum a light air—

(c) Resisting inclination to sneeze when wearing your respirator, dialling your Report Centre in the dark. Mem.—*Blindfold your eyes, remove the telephone receiver, and get someone to call numbers for you to practise with till you get dial perfect. It's not quite so easy as dialling 999.*

(d) While trying, when every instant *counts, to remember where you put the* bleaching powder; *the* sal volatile; *your* Boy Scout Runner; *the scissors; the long-handled shovel for throwing that incendiary bomb into the next door garden; the—no, you'll never want to remember whether* B-chloro-vinyl-di-chlor-arsine *is the pet name for Phosgene or Lewisite.*

But I have said enough for this first vision of A.R.P.

WHERE SOME OF LONDON'S GAS MASKS ARE HELD IN READINESS: Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the A.R.P. Chief, putting a mask together on the assembly jig during his visit to the storehouse beneath Wandsworth Library. 40,000 masks are now stored there, and there is room for 50,000 more

The Feminine Angle

A COMING STAR OF THE OPERATIC WORLD: Madame Frances Alda (right) helping her protege, eighteen-year-old Gloria Ware, to prepare for her debut in the role of Michaela in the recent production of *Carmen* at the Lewisohn Stadium, New York. Miss Ware, who is the daughter of a manicurist, gave an excellent performance and a really big future is predicted for her

THE DUCHESS OF KENT VISITS BATTERSEA PARK: Her Royal Highness seen at the re-opening of the nursery shelter which is run by the National Society of Day Nurseries and has as its object the provision of facilities by which mothers may leave their children in safe keeping while they themselves go out to work. The mothers pay a halfpenny an hour and the youngsters receive milk and biscuits during the day

FIRST STEPS ON THE LADDER TO FAME: This is 19-year-old Vivian Joan Buley, a Wimbledon art student, who has just been awarded a royal exhibition to the Royal College of Art and also the Princess of Wales scholarship

NO BAN ON BANNS FOR HER: *On left*—Miss Elsie Tostevin, secretary to Sir Thomas Gardiner, Director-General of the Post Office, who is shortly to be married following the successful conclusion of a four-year effort to secure official sanction to do so in face of the ruling that women employees of the Post Office must retire on marriage. Discretionary powers have been exercised in her favour. *On right*—"PRINCESS BABA AND HUBBY-WRESTLER KEEP COOL," runs the inscription on this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gregory which has just come to hand from San Francisco. At the same time Mrs. Gregory's father, the white Rajah of Sarawak, has made it known in a letter to the world Press that none of his daughters has any right to the title of Princess

IN LUX WAY! Radio-singer Evelyn Dall presenting the sash and rosette of her rank to Miss J. C. Glenister after she had been elected Queen of the Laundry Girls at the Laundry Industry sports meeting at Motspur Park, Malden. *On left*—This is Dr. Carol Sims, Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health in Whitehall, who has the distinction of being the only woman member of the Inner Temple to be called to the Bar this term

HUGH WALPOLE PLAYS HAPPY FAMILIES:

His New Novel, "The Joyful Delaneys," at Once a Lament for Threatened Culture and a Story Set Fair from the First Page for a Traditional Ending

By VERNON FANE

SIR HUGH WALPOLE'S new novel, **THE JOYFUL DELANEYS** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) is described as the happiest that he has yet written. The Delaneys certainly have a lot to be jolly well thankful for, even though Delaney Senior, ruminating in the manner of characters in novels, "saw his beloved town, danger, destruction hanging over it."

But despite the game of happy families which Sir Hugh so successfully plays with his Delaneys, there is the omnipresent fear that his beloved London is anything but indestructible and that there are forces gathering to destroy the keystone of that happiness, the house near Shepherd Market. There are those letters of sinister import, A.R.P.; but more immediate to the erstwhile meadowlands of May Fair is the creeping barrage of "development" threatening the beloved Market with the creeping barrage that has already swept away ducal houses that the tenements of the near-rich may raise their ugly heads.

Sir Hugh has always been at his jolliest, though not always at his best, among the Wrexian purlieus of Curzon Street, or taking Lord John Beaminster for a walk up Piccadilly. Shepherd Market is the wistful note—the step down—the swan song of his happy aristocrats. When the lifts begin to rise to the seventh and eighth floors can South Kensington be far behind. Or even West Kensington; and that not even immune from air raids.

Time was when Mr. Michael Arlen would pursue, with the personal pronoun, his lovely Shelmerdine through Lansdowne Passage and when Devonshire House was anything but an hotel. Sir Hugh, in Arlenland, cannot now stroll through Berkeley Square without a lament for its dying glories. Where the yellow Hispana (now as museum piece as the sedan chair) stood with gay insouciance now rest grim lorries beneath tentacular cranes. Time marches on.

Yet they are not born for sorrow, these Delaneys. In their joy they are set fair for the happy ending in which their house and the unity of family life in their beloved London is saved, most satisfactorily, by a superb exercise of craftsmanship. Their Irish blood ensured a certain resilience in the face of adversity: the strong individuality each of Fred and Meg, their son Bullock and daughter Kitty, yet their complete trust and solidarity as a family smooths the path to the fortuitous intervention of old Lord Ragadoon, whose taste in pictures, by the way, must have been a scource of great satisfaction to his creator.

In the weft of the story each has a strong personal thread, each bringing with it extra characters to lend colour to the narrative. There is Kitty with her Fosters who, in turn, bring her in touch with modern literature and painting, with the dangers of excess in the maternal instinct; with the will to live in a full-blooded paralytic. Kitty, who fell for Braque and yet could be so sensible about the modern novel.

There is Bullock who had been so useful a scrum-half at school, a cox at Oxford, who worshipped at the shrines of Surtees and P. G. Wodehouse and who found happiness with the daughter of our old friend Captain Nicholas.

There is Mrs Delaney, Meg, magnificently middle-aged, looking like a gypsy fortune-teller at the Derby. "She was altogether honest, loyal, courageous and indiscreet, Her behaviour was extravagant and vexing." But she always had in her "a burning fire of happiness." And Fred, who for all his middle years tackled life with the immense zest of a man for whom the world is full of pretty women all willing to be made love to.

Each goes his own way but with a sense of family unity, taking with them the subsidiary stories of Willoughby, the Pakes, the Fosters, the Pullets, Patrick Munden, Caesar, Brocket, not forgetting the familiar names of the Duchess of Wrexe and Beaminster.

Only for one moment does the author of "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" touch the narrative, and then deftly, in poor old Claude Willoughby's terror of the obscene Brocket. And what a lovely fight it is in which Brocket's hash is finally settled!

The Cumberland fells may have cradled Sir Hugh Walpole's more significant work, Polchester may be his supreme creation, but it is assuredly in London he is at his happiest, among his pictures, his music, opera and the ballet, literary salons, dinner parties, the theatre and prize-fights. With what zest he surrounds his characters with these things and with what skill he contrives that they should never for an instant step out of character in their appreciation of them.

Only a true lover of a culture which is to-day threatened on every side could have written in such a happy book so acute a lament for the living, and only a master of the novel's craft could have successfully contrived the note of happy suspense upon which the story ends.

Although **DARKNESS IN THE LAND** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a first novel, there is in it a sure touch for dramatic effect and a smooth continuity in the action which the author, Mr. Robert Stevenson, brings to it from his experience as a successful film director.

What Mr. Stevenson does not derive from the cinema is the ability to create character in the classic novel mould, eschewing all the modern tricks of flash-back and jiggery-pokery with dialogue. Indeed, in this story he reveals himself to be a serious student of Defoe, thereby setting himself the highest of standards. The influence of Defoe is indubitably strong, even to the style (in which a lesser talent might so easily have come a cropper), and it is very much to Mr. Stevenson's credit that he brings it off.

The story is set in the plague year of 1665. Hugh Gerard, the younger son of a baronet, finds himself affianced by his father to a priggish young woman, not at all attuned to his own rakish tastes. From his forthcoming wedding and from the scenes of horror in plague-stricken London he flies, making for friends in the West Country.

The journey is fraught with danger and difficulties, for he finds successive towns and villages barricaded and armed against the dreaded plague carriers from London. Lost upon a Dorset moor, he happens by accident upon a small coastal village, there to meet an eccentric but saintly and intelligent man of God, Dr. Prometheus Marbell. But the plague comes to the village, brought by a refugee in a fishing boat, and the good doctor conceives it his duty to isolate the place, barricading its only exit in order to prevent further spread of the infection.

Hugh's first instincts are to escape once more, and quickly, but the doctor is able to stir in him enough conscience to compel him to stay and fight it out in an epic battle with the traitors to the scheme of segregation. He also falls in love with a gipsy girl, whose father plays a sinister hand in the opposition. In a short time the village is ravaged and only a small handful of the population is left. Hugh himself falls a victim, but is nursed back to health by the gipsy girl.

It is a story of dramatic intensity, but its significance is the interplay of strength and weakness in the characters of Dr. Marbell and the young Hugh. The doctor was to fall in the hour of his triumph, and it was a stronger and wiser Gerard who set forth to try his fortunes in America. If Mr. Stevenson can spare further time away from the set he should go on to fresh triumphs as a novelist.

Meditating on Mr. George Blake's new novel, it strikes one that it is only in its happier moments that it lacks what for want of a better word I will call realism. All its bleakness, all the joyless life of a small Scottish seaport, all the pettiness of its provincial society are credible; it is only when the author attempts to draw a more sympathetic character, a lavender-and-lace grandmother or an ardent, sensitive youth, that the reader feels a kind of discomfort, as if only the harsher estimates of human fallibility could be acceptable, and graciousness and poetry incongruous in the rigid pattern of the life he has chosen to portray.

In **LATE HARVEST** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) Mr. Blake seems at first glance to have chosen a *milieu* of uncompromising drabness. The Garvel of his story is a little town with a strongly personal life of its own, complete and smugly self-sufficient, but it is a life without colour, in which malicious gossip takes the place of more profound mental activity, and the Garvel town band supplies what music and gaiety is considered decorous by the elders of the churches.

The author considers the town mainly in so far as it affects the lives of his two principal characters, a young man and a girl in love with each other from childhood and both gifted with lively, inquiring minds which make the business of living in such a hide-bound little community a real burden. Their love suffers from it and they part, Roddy to try for his fortune round the world and back, and Livvy to wait, with mediocrity creeping nearer and nearer to her like a grey tide, and the immediate prospect of a marriage with one of the local and well-meaning young clergymen.

Roddy rescues her in time, of course, though not until so late a moment that one's sympathies swing over to the hardly-used parson, whose worst vice seems to have been his taste in wall-papers for the little home; and the last chapter sees Roddy and Livvy on the road to England and happiness. There is, in those last pages, a persistent and mischievous echo of the Dr. Johnson who wrote that the fairest sight in Scotland was the road that led back to England, an intention for which we must give Mr. Blake the full credit.

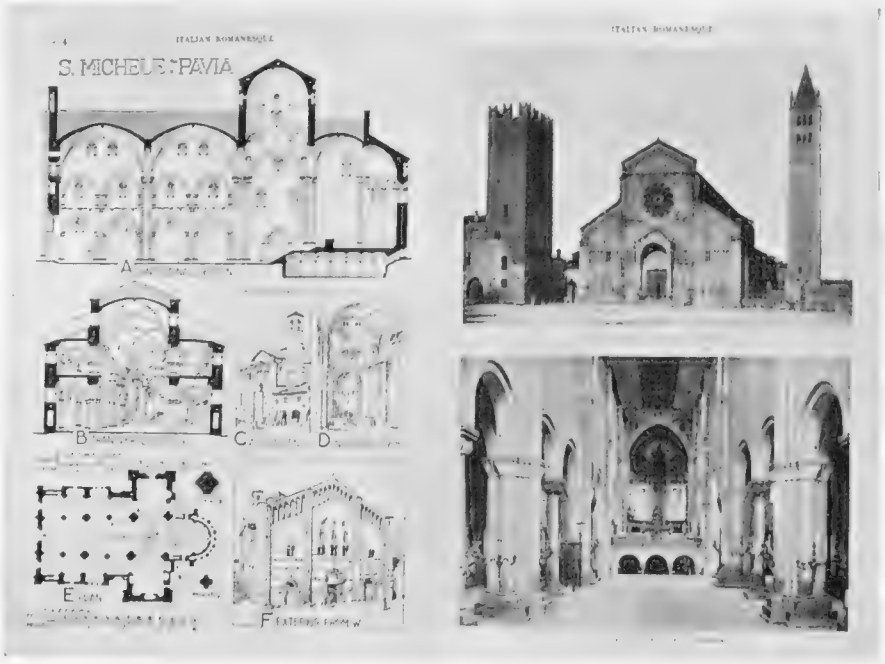
It is difficult to judge a book like this without making use of the analogies of colour; a vivid hero and his heroine against a background uniformly grey and hostile. Naturally they must have all our sympathy and support; the battle is won before it is really engaged. But Mr. Blake knows, and it is only too clear, the type of Scottish life of which he writes and, what is of infinitely more importance, he writes with confidence and sweep.

When Dr. Temple Utley decided, in 1930, to sail himself from England to the South Sea Islands, he found the boat he wanted, a 50-ft. yawl, stoutly built and with barely adequate accommodation, but he had no way of judging her sea-going qualities, as her former owner had never taken her out of the Solent. In this little boat he sailed with a skeleton crew from Cornwall to the Marquesas, and from there on to Fiji, where he died a few years later.

A MODERN SEA BEGGAR (Peter Davies. 9s.) is a collection of his letters, diaries, and entries from his log-book, which have been edited by his widow and his sister. Dr. Utley was not a young man when he started on the voyage that was to take him more than half-way round the world, but he had a sense of true adventure that would have done credit to a boy; he was truly of the great company of Voss and Alain Gerbault.

The log-book, which he kept more fully than officially, gives some glimpses of this remarkable man, who was constantly fighting physical frailty in order to achieve his heart's desire, but the best picture of him is from the letters which he wrote to his mother—long, cheerful, unaffected and intensely human screeds which reveal the simplicity and sturdiness of his character.

The morning after he sighted the islands which had been his objective for so long, and to see which he had risked wreckage, starvation, drowning or a fatal return of his lung disease, he wrote home, "I am in my dream islands at last. Queer what a little persistence will do . . ." The islands were kind to him and the last years of his life were passed among friends whose sincerity was one of the chief rewards of an epic voyage.



A NOTED STANDARD WORK RE-ISSUED: A double-page opening evidencing the wealth of detail in Sir Banister Fletcher's profusely illustrated volume *A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method* which has just been published in a revised tenth edition by Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. The book, which first saw the light in 1896, aims at displaying clearly the characteristic features of the architecture of each country by comparing the buildings of each period and by giving due prominence to the influences—geographical, geological, climatic, religious, social, and historical—which have contributed to the formation of particular styles. Needless to say it is an admirable work for the student

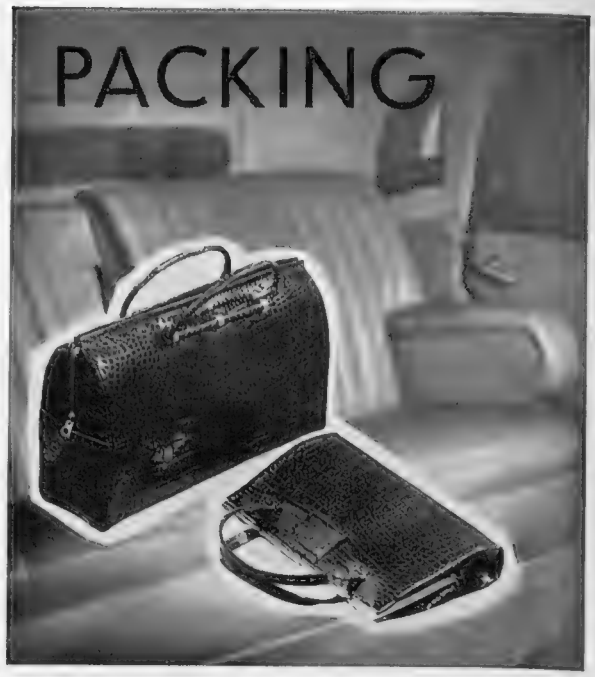
WHERE TRADITION LINGERS: The cricket match in progress at Ebernoe, a little hamlet in the heart of the Sussex Downs, during the annual Horn Fair which takes place there every St. James's Day. To mark the occasion Ebernoe invite a neighbouring village to play them, and while the game is in progress a sheep is roasted whole on the edge of the ground, one of the reserve players acting as cook, and the carcass is afterwards served up at luncheon. At the end of the day the player making the highest individual score on the winning side is presented with the horns as a memento

COUNTRY WAYS

Swans breed prolifically on the Stour, by the Essex and Suffolk border, and are particularly tame, coming quickly if they glimpse any chance of food. At some breeding places the birds are inclined to be dangerous

PAINLESS PACKING

Life-savers.—A brown crocodile travelling bag that holds last-minute trifles, and a capacious handbag that takes good care of passport, jewels, and money



Almost as good as a valet—a man's dressing case in brown crocodile, fitted with ivory-backed brushes and bottles. For air travel it is made in pigskin and Thuya wood

Whether you travel by road, air, or sea, much of your comfort and pleasure will depend on the efficiency of your luggage, for bulk is frowned upon, and method saves time and temper

A fitted dressing case is indispensable. This one is done in red, black, and silver

HOLIDAYS, for most of us, are so brief that it is dreadful to waste any time in unnecessary packing. The solution is to study the newest travelling tricks and to economise last, and not first, on luggage. If you buy well it will last for years, and the newest wardrobe cases are designed with such foresight that they make it almost impossible for even the most forgetful to leave things behind.

The girl on the right is taking with her a rawhide trunk with four drawers on one side, and on the other, six hangers to hold a dozen frocks, with space for shoes underneath, and a bag for soiled linen. It is bound with vulcanised fibre, costs £14 2s. 6d. and is very light and strong.

Beside her on the pavement is an Airlight Wardrobe Case which is an absolute miracle of space saving. Six to eight dresses can be hung on hangers which slide back into the lid, leaving the whole of the body free. In grey and brown striped canvas it costs 6 guineas, and in navy blue Rexine it costs 4 guineas. It is called the Pakswell.

Her rawhide hat-and-shoe case is fitted with six detachable shoe pockets which leave ample room for hats, and in her hand she holds a velvet-lined rawhide bottle case in which bottles of various shapes and sizes can be packed without the slightest risk of breakage. The cost is 57s. 6d. and you will find it, with her other luggage, at Harrods.

Among personal luggage—the sort that never leaves you—a fitted dressing case ranks first. The one shown on this page is of red morocco lined with black moiré and fitted with an entirely separate lift-out case that holds engine-turned silver brushes and cut-glass bottles. It costs £40, is marvellously planned, and comes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company of 112, Regent Street, where they also have a more luxurious version in brown crocodile and gold.

The man's dressing case, also from them, is in brown crocodile with ivory fittings, and it has been specially adapted for air travel in pigskin and Thuya wood, when the price is only £13 5s.

The travelling bag at the head of this page is made in brown crocodile, with a long zip fastener, and inside a passport pocket, a fixed purse, a mirror, comb, division for lipstick, and plenty of space for last-minute items that have been overlooked. Such bags cost from £4.

The smaller handbag is of brown crocodile lined with pigskin, with a new slide-action frame on which nothing can catch, a pocket inside for a passport and two inner divisions for jewels and money, a flap pocket for notes, a mirror, a card case, and a lipstick holder. Despite all this it is quite light, and it should most adequately prevent the nerve tension that is caused by unnecessary delays and losses.

Practical and smart, her luggage is planned with the precision of a submarine, and her suit is made of Scotch tweed with a sage green flecked skirt and a jacket striped in sage, fuchsia, blue, rust and a lighter green. It is made in other colours, too. Her hat has a narrow, turned-up brim at the back (good for head resting) and the brim shades her eyes. Her luggage and clothes come from Harrods

THE ROYAL FAMILY ON HOLIDAY

And the King's Visit to His Boys' Camp

AS THEIR TRAIN PASSED THROUGH PORTSMOUTH ... Queen and the Princesses acknowledged ... greeting of the crowds. Shortly afterwards ... boarded the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, being joined by the King on the following ... for a short stay in Solent waters preceding ... cruise round the coast to Aberdeen and ... annual stay at Balmoral. This is Their Majesties' first real holiday of the year, enabling ... to enjoy a welcome privacy after a spring ... summer season of arduous engagements

IN HOLIDAY MOOD: The King and Queen and the Princesses, all informally clad, leaving their car after an afternoon picnic in the New Forest and before re-embarking on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. They spent two days in the Solent, and then, on Sunday last, started out on their leisurely cruise to Scotland

Below—
A GREAT RECEPTION AWAITED THE KING when he interrupted his East Coast cruise and landed from the Royal yacht at Southwold, where he spent last Tuesday among the 400 boys at the Duke of York's camp. He is pictured here as he walked from the beach. As in past years, His Majesty took part to the full in the life of the camp, which consists of 200 boys drawn from the public schools and an equal number from industrial organisations

THE KING LANDS ON THE SUFFOLK COAST: Boys waiting to greet His Majesty who had just left the Royal yacht and was coming ashore to spend the day at his annual camp at Southwold. *Below* — The King chatting with camp officials

AUSTIN'S GOOD EXAMPLE

While Incorporating Many New Improvements the Austin Motor Company have Substantially Reduced the Prices of Some of their New Season's Models

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ALL THE WORLD OVER THE CRAFTSMAN'S TOUCH IS UNMISTAKABLE, and whether it be in the thatching of a roof or the production of a Morris Fourteen one can tell at a glance that here the specialist hand has been at work

THE Austin Motor Company have announced a very attractive programme for the new season. In spite of the difficult conditions due to the country's rearmament activities, the prices of the 1939 models show in many instances substantial reductions. These reductions have not been made possible by substituting poorer quality or reducing equipment, but by economies in production resulting from further standardisation of design. As a matter of fact, it is surprising to note that the specification of almost every car in the range offered shows improvements and additions.

All the old models which have become deservedly popular are retained, except the Austin Twenty, which is now replaced by a new large luxury car to be known as the Twenty-Eight Ranelagh limousine. Undoubtedly this car is an important contribution to those in the large car market. The new engine with an aluminium cylinder head has proved a great success on the Austin Fourteen, and so it is now applied to the Ten, Twelve and Eighteen models, as well as being seen on the new Twenty-Eight. It provides a higher compression ratio and in combination with larger inlet valves on the Ten and Twelve a much augmented power output is ensured with a lower fuel consumption.

Actually, the Ten engine now develops 32 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. and the Twelve at the same speed gives 42 b.h.p. With more power certain modifications have had to be made. For instance, the Austin Twelve now has larger engine mountings and new high-duty axles have been incorporated in the Seven, Ten, Twelve, Fourteen and Eighteen. These axles have larger bearings and sturdier shafts to withstand the extra load imposed by the higher speeds and more rapid acceleration. Spring drive, too, has been incorporated in the clutches of the Ten and Twelve.

A pistol grip type handbrake mounted under the scuttle is a feature now to be seen on the Ten, Twelve and Fourteen, whilst the addition of piston-type hydraulic shock absorbers gives much improved suspension. Another feature which will commend itself to every user of a new Austin Twelve or Fourteen is the introduction of positively lubricated springs. The well-known Seven model which now celebrates its sixteenth anniversary and the achievement of over 300,000 sales, a record claimed to be unequalled in the small car world, has now full Girling braking at the rear, cone wedge expanders replacing the cams formerly used in the operating mechanism.

A new rear axle of sturdier proportion, similar in design to that on the Big Seven, is another Seven improvement. The radiator incorporates a water-trap to prevent loss of cooling water from the overflow pipe, and a low-mounting, steel panel sliding-roof is now fitted on the de luxe models.

The new Big Seven is fitted with improved rear suspension, and the new water-trap is also incorporated on the radiator of this car as on all other Austin models. Neatly-designed running-boards which greatly improve the appearance and provide further protection for the body from mud-splashes are features of the body work on the Big Seven. The new aluminium-head engine is the chief innovation on the Eighteen, whilst a minor improvement on this car is the provision of over-riders on the bumpers.

The new Twenty-Eight Ranelagh limousine follows accepted Austin practice. Its six-cylinder engine has a cubic capacity of just over 4 litres. A separate pressure feed to the tappets of the inclined side-valves is a feature. The seven-seater limousine body is remarkable for its roominess and luxurious comfort. The equipment also includes a 12-volt electric system with compensated voltage control, automatic return direction indicators, a telephone, gear-box controlled reversing light, hydraulic jacking, and adjustable rear seats.

As regards prices, the main reductions apply to the Austin Ten and Fourteen, of which the sliding head Saloon models show a reduction of £10 in one instance and £15 in the other. The Seven models show good value at £125 for the Ruby Sliding Head Saloon or £129 for the Cabriolet. The popular Forlite model of the Big Seven is now listed at £139 for the sliding head type or £137 for that with a fixed head, whilst the Sixlite remains unchanged. The Austin Twelve Ascot Sliding Head Saloon is now priced at £225, a reduction of £5, and the Austin Eighteen Saloon is unchanged in price. The Twenty-Eight model is sold at £700.

A specimen of the latest model Ford V-8, with a 30 h.p. engine, was recently placed at my disposal and I was able to drive it for some hundreds of miles. The Ford V-8 has an attraction all of its own, and this latest model is, if possible, nicer than any of its predecessors. To start with, the whole appearance of the car has been made smarter by carrying the top of the bonnet down into a "V" on the top of the radiator grille, and the tail of the car is now completely streamlined, but not to an exaggerated extent. The new lines make the car look very much larger than previously and, what is more, the comfort afforded has been increased, a result which is not always obtained when streamlining is adopted.

I was also pleased to note that the luggage accommodation is well above the average provided in cars of this size. This is a point on which I wish to lay emphasis because so few manufacturers appear to appreciate that each occupant of a car going on a tour requires at least one suitcase, so that four in all have to be carried. There would be no difficulty in stowing that amount of luggage, and probably a lot more, in the boot of this new Ford.

The performance of the car is well up to standard which this car has created in the past. In traffic it is a sheer delight because the acceleration is so good that in getting away from traffic lights the driver finds he has left all other cars behind. It is light to control, which is another strong point in its favour where traffic driving is concerned. As regards all-out speed the engine can push the speedometer needle quite easily up to the eighty mark, probably it will go farther, but I did not get an opportunity of testing it flat out.

I was particularly struck with the excellence of the brakes. I must confess that in the past, by that I mean four or five years ago, the brakes on the Ford V-8 were scarcely up to the job set them by the extremely powerful and lively engine, but on the model I drove the other day I can definitely state that there are few cars on the road that have better brakes so far as stopping the car is concerned or when viewed from the angle of operation.

Every time I drive a Ford V-8 I always wonder why more manufacturers do not copy the Ford idea of having a powerful engine in a light chassis. A lot of the money we spend in petrol is wasted in transporting unnecessary weight around the country. It cannot be a question of expense, because I doubt if there is any other manufacturer who sells a car of this horse-power at a cheaper price than Ford's.

It is so amazingly cheap that the first thought of anybody taking over one of these cars must be to try to find out how the cost of manufacture has been kept down, and the natural thing to imagine is that the equipment just fulfils the bare necessities of motoring. On examining the car, however, amazement is bound to arise when it is found that the equipment is not only complete but definitely on the side of luxury. Just as an illustration, I would state that self-cancelling traffic indicators are fitted worked on the time interval idea. After so many seconds the arm falls down out of sight, but on this car the driver is given a red light as a tell-tale which I must confess I have never seen before supplied with this type of indicator.

In my notes a couple of weeks ago I stated that I did not agree with some remarks regarding special motor roads which I thought were uttered by Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon. I now find that this well-known motoring pioneer did not make the remarks I mentioned, and I hasten to offer my humble apologies for the mistake. At the time, I said that I nearly always found myself in agreement with Colonel Moore-Brabazon's views on motoring matters, and so I believe that what I said about the special motor roads of the future will probably meet with his approval.

AMID THE EXMOOR HILLS: The narrow lanes and steep gradients of North Devon hold no terrors for the Hillman Fourteen with its ample power and roomy body. Poor surfaces are smoothed out with the "Evenkeel" independent front-wheel suspension. The car is seen at Lorna Doone Farm, North Devon

SUMMER BRIDES

Some Recent Weddings in London, the Provinces, and Scotland

AME AN HEIRESS MARRIED IN SCOTLAND: Miss Louise Carnegie Miller, grand-daughter e late Andrew Carnegie, multi-millionaire philanthropist, leaving Dornoch Cathedral Mr. J. G. Thomson, a young Edinburgh lawyer, after their wedding last week. The e Cathedral, which is smaller than many a parish church, was thronged to capacity

TENNIS STAR WEDS: Miss Freda James, the well-known doubles player, leaving Holy Trinity, Lenton, Nottingham, with her husband, Mr. Stephen Hereward Hammersley, and, accompanying them, a slightly camera-shy bridesmaid

On left—
A GRACEFUL ARCH OF TULLE, created by the light breeze supporting the veil, contributed to a charming picture as Mr. G. B. Milligan, a master at Mill Hill School, and his bride, Miss Kathleen Elliott, walked to the reception following their marriage in Mill Hill School Chapel

On right—
A FLY HELD UP THE PROCESSION while the bridegroom, Mr. Paul Bedale, extracted the offending insect from his wife's eye. The marriage took place at Cambridge

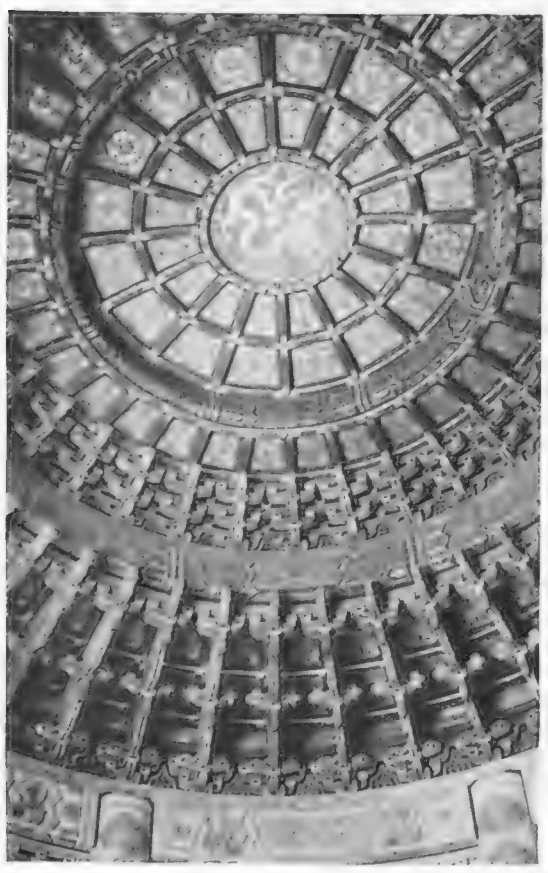
THE VERGER LENT A HAND with the bride's veil as Miss Lois Hanbury arrived at St. James's, Spanish Place, for her marriage to Mr. M. Y. Dobson, of the Royal Marines. *On left*—Mr. Robert Graham Fletcher, a master at Eton, and Miss Margaret Hargreaves, pictured outside St. Michael's, Chester Square

TO ESCAPE THE TRAMPLING FEET OF THE WILD ELEPHANTS which abound in the country round Lake Periyar, in Travancore, southern India, the Urali tribe live in huts among the tree tops. They enter them by bamboo ladders which are taken up at night

THE TREE-DWELLERS OF TRAVANCORE: A family of the primitive Urali tribe at the entrance to their isolated home which is largely constructed of bamboo and gives them protection from the wild elephants roaming in the vicinity. Sometimes the elephants come by night and destroy their crops, trampling down the sweet potatoes and yams which the natives cultivate so assiduously and upon which practically their whole livelihood depends

THIS NATURAL STEAM GEYSER, photographed recently at Calistoga, Northern California, is shortly to be harnessed for electric light and power purposes. The phenomenon is of rare occurrence

THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN SOUTH AMERICA: This is the distinction of this edifice, known as the Cavanagh Apartment House, which now towers above the streets of Buenos Aires



FROM *The Sphere's* POSTBAG

Pictures Submitted by Our Readers

On left—
THE IMPERIAL DRAGON is the central theme of this magnificent roof in one of the buildings connected with the Temple of Heaven in Peiping. In accordance with Chinese colour symbolism, blue predominates in the scheme

CONTINUATIONS

JAPAN CLOSES IN ON THE WUHAN CITIES

(*Continued from page* 212)

German, a few score French, and the rest, about 370, White Russians—people without a country. Since then more have left for Hong Kong. For foreigners still in Wuhan concentration camps have been provided and food is stored ready for the final emergency.

The Chinese are concentrating their united forces to resist the expected attack on Hankow. Sixty divisions of troops are said to be disposed in three lines, cutting diagonally from north-west to south-east, flanked by two protecting lines to the east and west. Thirty new artillery units are reported, equipped with 680 field pieces and 1,200 new tanks. The entire air force is believed to be concentrating in this area. This is said to consist of 180 bombers and about 200 pursuit planes, of which at least half are newly acquired. Japanese troops are advancing overland in four columns. Only 140 miles farther down river Japan has already captured Kiukiang.

As a military objective the Wuhan cities are important, because they are the seat of General Chiang Kai-shek's War Council and headquarters for his army staff. Each of the three cities has its own aerodrome. Hanyang is famous for its arsenal.

But to-day the Japanese, who last December hoped to end the war by the conquest of the Chinese capital, no longer believe that the retreat of General Chiang's Government coincides with victory for Japan. The Wuhan cities are therefore not an end but a means. They are the link between north and south, important to China as a distributing centre for military supplies from the south and west.

BY BUS ACROSS THE SAHARA ON THE TANEZRUFT ROUTE

(*Continued from page* 219)

a row of stones across the entrance to them. When large expanses of sand have to be crossed, the track may be a quarter of a mile wide or more, for each driver seeks to avoid the ruts made by others and makes his own way across the virgin sand to the right or left of the route. Where sandy wadis, or dried-up river beds, have to be crossed, the approaches have been eased off by working parties and causeways of stones or reeds provided.

On both routes isolated vehicles are not allowed to cross the desert if their drivers have not taken out a "breakdown contract" with the transport company concerned. In return for a certain fee the transport companies undertake to send out to look for the traveller if he has not reached the next depot by a specified time.

On the Tanezruft route the breakdown contract costs 300 francs each way between Colomb Béchar and Gao, but anywhere between these points the services of the breakdown lorry have to be paid for at the rate of 5 francs per kilometre each way; and furthermore, the traveller has to deposit a sum of 5,000 francs against the expense of possible rescue. No towing is undertaken.

On the Tanezruft line there are hotels as far as and including Reggan. At Post Five, 310 miles to the south, the present accommodation consists of two disused motor-bus bodies mounted on empty oil drums, and each bus sleeps eight people on double berths. No food can be provided there, though water, if badly needed, can be purchased at the rate of 5 francs per litre. It is proposed that the hundreds of large empty petrol drums which have been left at Post Five should be filled with sand and a proper rest-house constructed with them. There is also the likelihood of a wireless station being erected here, as there has been an aerial lighthouse since April, 1935. The next depot is at Aguelock, where a small military fort has just been taken over by the C.G.T., and proper accommodation for travellers is to be arranged, instead of, as heretofore, in huts made of grass mats.

DRAMA OF THE WEEK

(*Continued from page* 223)

The sight of a screen "ghost" is only *macabre*, however, when the question of friendship enters. The late Jean Harlow I never met, and when I saw her alluring blonditude in a film again the other day I was, beyond an inevitable but passing reflection that here indeed was pathos, struck only by what an uncommonly good actress she was, poor little soul.

Rudolph Valentino and *The Sheik* belong to an earlier age; it is a little difficult, perhaps, for those who persist in being under the impression that films are wholly recent forms of entertainment to realise that there are adult film-goers to-day who were in their cradles when *The Sheik* was produced in 1921. Valentino I spoke to once—a modest, sallow young fellow about half the height I had expected to find him. His famous film does not revive well, and tends to evoke excitement not of the sort originally intended; audiences giggle at the tensely heroic moments, just as they did in that amazing drama, *Young England*.

When heroics are laughed at, good-bye to the hero—sex-glamour or no. I fear this revival has somewhat shattered the Valentino idol, for this "ghost," through no fault of his own, must now be regarded as something of a comedian. For that type of stuff he struck me as the right type of actor; but all such melodramatic technique has now vanished from the screen. I am sorry for the still-existing Valentino Society (or whatever it is called), who, I understand, carry on charitable work in an unobtrusive way.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of this Society are constantly receiving letters of thanks from parents or guardians of boys who go for training in the "Arethusa." One parent in writing recently said: "My son spoke most highly of the officers and masters, and I have proof of this in the example I find in my boy. I am taking an early opportunity of writing to the Commander to offer my thanks to him and his officers for their care and the splendid teaching he has had and which has enabled the boy to pass his A.N.C." There is a long waiting list for more boys to be given a chance. Contributions are urgently needed to carry on this great work to its fullest extent. Please send your donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

This England . . .

The Surrey Hills from Ranmore Common

HOW pictorial is the proverb, or Anglo-Saxon "biword," compared with the copy-book maxims of the sage. The rolling stone and the willing horse, the still waters and the creaking gate—here is the homespun wisdom of plain men made vivid for daily guidance. And how do they rule us still. If when afoot in such country as this you cry with Chaucer: "I wot best wher wringeth me my sho" you will make more speed and less haste at the inn awhile. For though you be due elsewhere "a birde in honde is better than thre in the wode." But be sure that "the bird" is a mellow Worthington, for this also is born of ancient wisdom—brewed in the unhurried manner of our fathers, until down the centuries the beer itself is become proverbial and its beneficence a byword.

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In Quest of

Progressive Hastings and its Leading Social Headquarters of the Town, Inaugu

THE social headquarters of Hastings, when I visited two week-ends ago, was undoubtedly the Queen's Hotel. I fancy that it always is, but on this occasion there was no doubt whatever. For practically all the civic dignitaries, together with a fine crowd of appreciative holiday-makers, had turned up for the official opening of the new sunshine dining-room of this famous hotel.

The dining-room—let me make haste to say it—is one of the finest things of its kind on the whole English coast. Indeed, I can off-hand think of no other dining-room three of the four walls of which are built of glass and look on to the sea.

The official opening was on the occasion I have mentioned, but actually the first person to use the dining-room—and very properly—was the Duke of Gloucester, on a recent visit to Hastings. And, as is entirely fitting, the room is being called after him the Duke of Gloucester Room.

But, truth to say, though I was delighted with the room itself, so many other things impressed me during this week-end, that I must mention them. In the various speeches made during the opening lunch, it was emphasised by certain citizens of Hastings that the destiny of the Queen's Hotel and that of the town were very closely wrapped up together. There can be few places on the south coast where a hotel is so obviously the principal one in its town, as is the case with the Queen's at Hastings. And to say that the town and the hotel have run a parallel course in development is to pay a well-earned compliment to both.

For Hastings itself I have nothing but praise. Indeed, I may as well admit that the discoveries I made on this, my first really thorough visit for some years, almost took my breath away. Ever since the war, the municipal authorities have shown vision, courage and patience—three qualities that are all too often lacking in municipal authorities—and they have spent a vast sum of money on making their town one of the most perfectly equipped resorts to be found in Europe.

From Old Hastings, that still untouched, cliff-bound town of Tudor houses and fishing nets, to the west end of St. Leonard's is a distance of 4 miles. Along the whole of this distance has now been built a magnificent promenade with every conceivable amenity. There is a sheltered promenade underneath it on the level of the shingle for use on occasional wet day or for the winter months. There is a magnificent [illegible] lounge which will seat 1,000 people. There are the baths and the [illegible]

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Rock Pavilion—two of the most talked-of enterprises of recent years on the south coast. And finally, away at the end of it all, is one of the world's finest swimming pools.

In addition to all this development along the seaboard, the parks and public gardens of Hastings are beautiful in the extreme. In the summer months they are a mass of flowers, and all the year round they offer first-class sporting facilities. You can play, I think, any game you want to play in Hastings, but it is for bowls that the town has made itself world-famous, and no description of it would be complete without mention of its eight fine outdoor bowling greens, as well as an indoor one.

Now, at the end of a period of almost twenty years of steady development, the work is finished, and Hastings offers the holiday-maker an unparalleled combination of old-world charm and modern completeness. Little or nothing of the historical part of the town has been interfered with in the modern building, and, with all its amenities, there is still in certain aspects more of the delightful atmosphere of the Kentish seaside town than that of the Sussex resort.

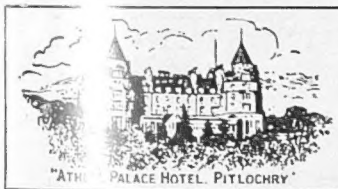
I have mentioned this unique combination especially because I think it finds its parallel in the Queen's Hotel. Here is an old hotel which an imaginative board of directors has kept absolutely up to date, and yet which has lost nothing of the charm or dignity which comes of an established tradition.

I have mentioned the directors, who are, of course, in many cases the same men as are responsible for the development of Hastings itself.

But it is impossible to write of the Queen's Hotel without one word on a subject which will impress you even during the shortest stay—the complete charm and efficiency of the staff. From the hall porter, who, the chances are, will be able to receive you on your arrival in your native tongue almost whatever land you come from, to the smallest page, everybody is alert and friendly. And great credit for this must go to Mr. Paul, the manager of the Queen's, who, by his devotion to duty, sets a magnificent example to the rest of the staff and is justly one of the best-known citizens in Hastings.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SCOTLAND—*continued*



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Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
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Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie." Private Hotel.
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Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Fier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54747/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwich.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

PIGGY-BACK! A Slovak peasant woman bidding good-bye to a neighbour as she leaves for the market with a young pig slung behind her

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

The Mountains of Kerry and the Plains of Hungary Lure the Traveller in Autumn: Spain and the Tourist

KERRY AND CORK.—Overseas visitors to this country generally see quite a lot of these islands, which they all look upon as "home," so I have been surprised that with such appetites for travel more of them do not go to that very beautiful part of Ireland which lies on the other side of a line drawn roughly from Tralee to Cork. That takes in Killarney, which somehow does not appear to be so much in our minds in these days as it used to be, though I can assure you it is as beautiful as ever and still unspoiled.

It was the panorama of Bantry Bay which appealed to me so strongly when I first went into that part of the world. Glengariff would have held me long if time had permitted.

There is plenty of wild and rugged scenery in those jagged peninsulas of Kerry and Cork keeping up the age-old fight with the full force of the Atlantic, but in the villages of the creeks bathed in summer sunshine you can get very near absolute tranquillity. It is a grand country for the tourist and the facilities for getting around are on the whole quite good.

Hortobagy.—The autumn is quite a good time for travelling in Hungary although, as with most places, spring with its sense of awakening nature has perhaps a little stronger appeal. At no time of the year, however, is there such a feast of colour as when summer has run its course.

I have in recent times written of Budapest and resorts on the great Lake Balaton. Another part you should see is the plain of Hortobagy. It lies towards the Rumanian frontier and is often included in a tour from the capital taking in Lillafured, a climatic station amid beautiful woods, Tokaj, where the wine comes from, and Debrecen, an old city with an open-air bathing establishment in the forest. It is not a long run from there to the plain, and its vastness and its herds, tended by herdsmen in picturesque attire, will impress you. Perhaps you will catch something of the sense of mystery about it and maybe see the mirages which occur in certain conditions of the atmosphere.

Kosice.—As the development of Czechoslovakia from the tourist angle proceeds, a very delightful place of which we shall hear a great deal is Kosice, the second largest town in Slovakia. It is not far from the High Tatra Mountains and the district is rich in folklore.

An interesting Slovak exhibition is being held there until the end of August. The reconstruction of Slovakia has been one of the most remarkable accomplishments of post-war Europe, and the exhibition is designed to present the various aspects of this movement. One of the features is an exhibition of Slovak Gothic art, bringing together unique art treasures from the castles, churches and monasteries in the province. I notice that the event is referred to as the Exhibition of the Czechoslovak East, although Ruthenia is the most easterly portion of the republic which has been so much in the limelight of the stage of European politics for some time.

By the way, the so-called Liberty highway in the High Tatra Mountains has been extended from Tatranska Kotlina to Zdiar in the direction of the Polish border near Javorina. The opening of this section of a very fine motor road affording grand views of the mountains has recently been celebrated with great enthusiasm.

Spain Next Year?—It is perhaps not too remote a hope that Spain will have turned the leaf of the present grim chapter in her history before another season of summer travel comes. There are many of us with memories of happy days in the Spanish sunshine, and warm, cloudless nights with music and dancing in the air. They were revived for me the other day when I was turning over some of my notes on Spain.

It is possible to get into some parts of the country now, but not quite on the popular tour basis, and when peace comes I imagine our tourist agencies will be very busy with their plans. There will be an added interest in seeing how much of the old has been shattered by the blast of the guns; less, I suspect, than some stories would lead us to suppose. What of Toledo, one of the oldest cities in Europe; Cordova, on which the all conquering Moors most deeply left their impress; and Granada, with its unique Alhambra? Burgos, where we used to halt to see the fine Gothic cathedral, has become a familiar name by reason of its role as military headquarters.

One slip among my papers puts the sort of question we are all familiar with in travel advertisements: "When asked where you intend to spend your next spring or autumn holiday, why not answer 'Spain'?" I want to say "Yes."

Egypt.—There are indications of a good season approaching. The State Tourist Department in London reports an increasing number of inquiries. I hear they are having a show-case in the Long Gallery of the *Queen Mary*. The exhibits will include a fine painting of Tutankhamen and a statuette of Queen Nefertiti.

Owing to the increase in the traffic through Paris to Egypt a Bureau de Tourisme has recently been inaugurated at 138, Avenue des Champs Élysées by Ahmed Seddik Bey, the director-general of tourism. The office is on modern lines and the centre of the floor is occupied by the striking plaster cast of Philae which was a feature of the Egyptian Display at the Paris Exhibition last year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

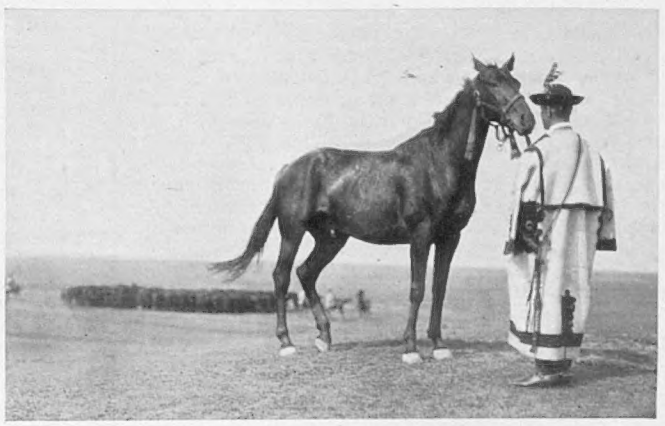
Brittany.—You will find La Baule very gay in August. It has a splendid beach. The Adriana hotel charges about 50 francs per day for room and pension, the Armoric and the Cecil 50 to 75 francs, and the Excelsior about 45 francs. Quiberon and Carnac are always popular with English people. The Penthievre et Plage at Quiberon is very comfortable and charges 40 to 65 francs per day, and at Carnac we recommend the Britannia Hotel, 45 to 75 francs per day.

Riviera.—While it is true many English people are going to the South of France this holiday I understand there is no difficulty in obtaining accommodation in the better hotels. The cheaper places have apparently filled.

Italian Lakes.—You might find it rather fresh there in October, certainly during the mornings and evenings, though the sun usually shines warmly during the day. Therefore, you need some warm light clothes as well as cotton. The lake resorts will not be crowded in October, so you can safely go to a place like Gardone, which is charming. The Fasano Grand Hotel, Corso Zanardelli, charges 50 to 70 lire per day, and the Savoy Palace Annexe (Villa Erica) 40 to 60 lire per day, room and pension. At Baveno we suggest the hotel Beau Rivage which charges 32 to 50 lire per day.

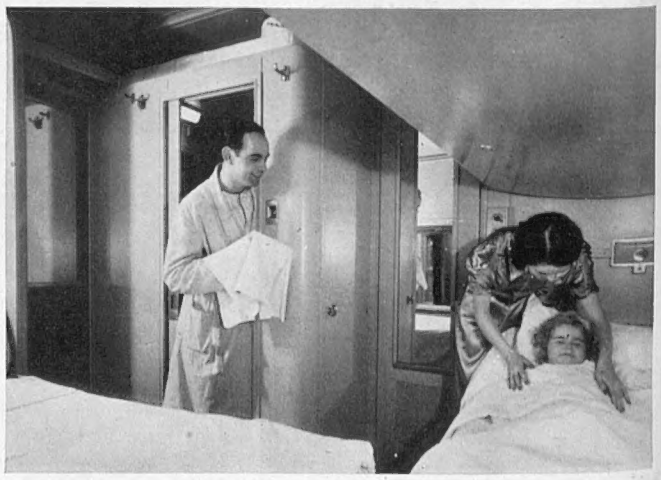
Black Forest.—Going by car to the Black Forest you might spend a night in Brussels and then drive via Cologne, Konigswinter, Coblenz, Bad Ems, Rudesheim, Bingen and Heidelberg to Karlsruhe, which is the beginning of the Black Forest proper. Thence we suggest you make for Baden-Baden and on through Wildad and Teinach to Freudenstadt, where you could make your headquarters.

Beverley Brooke



ROUGH-RIDER OF THE HUNGARIAN PUSZTA: A picturesquely-clad herdsman in the plain of Hortobagy, a region renowned for its fine horses and skilled bare-back riders (see note on left)

NEW IDEAS IN AMERICAN LUXURY TRAVEL: The "roomette" is the latest innovation on the Pennsylvania Railroad system and, since its introduction in June, has proved most popular among travellers on the long-distance services between New York and Chicago, New York and St. Louis, Washington and Chicago, etc. *Left*—The entrances to two "roomettes," which, it will be seen, are raised slightly above the floor-level of the train, and (*right*) the accommodation as it appears when converted for night use



FOR FAMILIES TRAVELLING TOGETHER the "Drawing Room" is an ideal new feature on the Pennsylvania Railroad. When converted for night use, as seen here, there are two lower berths and one equally spacious upper berth. By day one of these becomes a sofa, while the others are folded and a comfortable living-room emerges

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Best first-class hotel facing sea. Near Casino, golf, tennis. Apply for prospectus M.Vandenbosch.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—
Brenner's Stephanie.—
The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)
Brenners Parkhotel,
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Pa[illegible]

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—First-class. Central and quiet, opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—New English Hotel.—Ideal positn. Sun blcnies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).**—Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Gd. Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad. — Bernerhof. — Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms. incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne-Ouchy. — Beau-Rivage-Palace. — The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pelerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl.; & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.**—Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—Park Hotel.—Ab. village. 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. Diet if required. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Parkhotel.
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).–Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by splndid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen (Bernese Oberland).—Parc Hotel Beausite.—First class family hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac.—
Finest situation on lake.
Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Fam. htl. unriv. position overlooking town, lake & Alps. Full board fr. 14. Swim. pool. Golf. Tennis.

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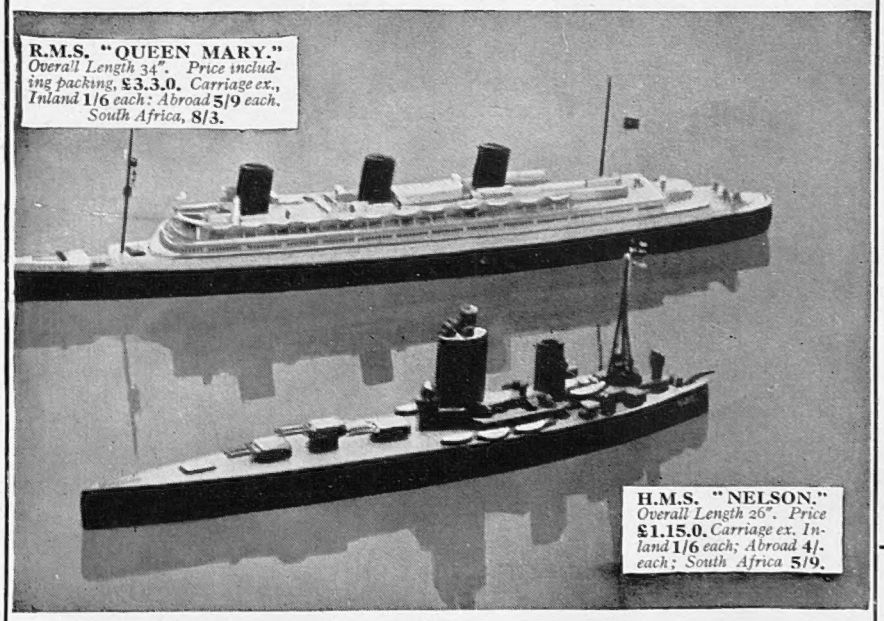

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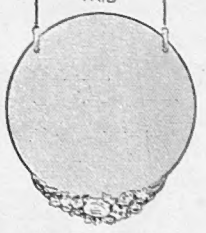

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